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Review

Christmas
1913



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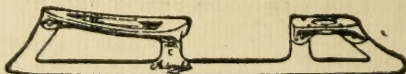
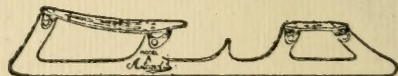
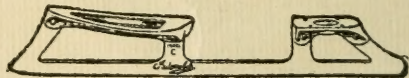
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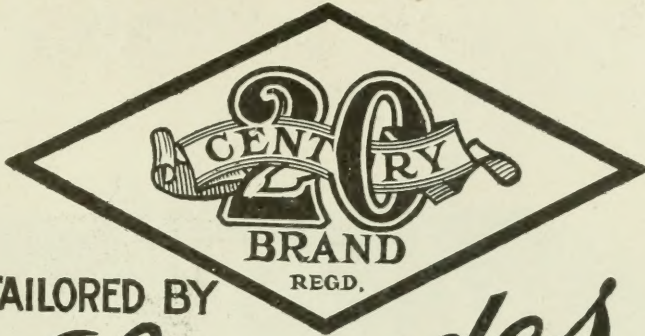
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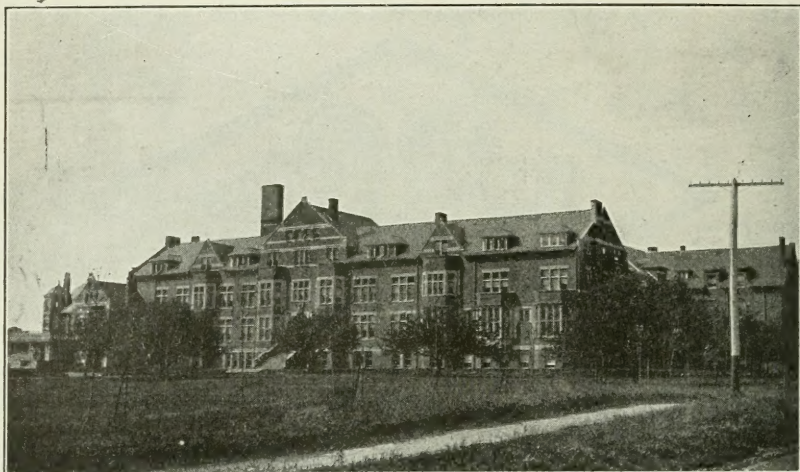
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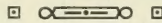
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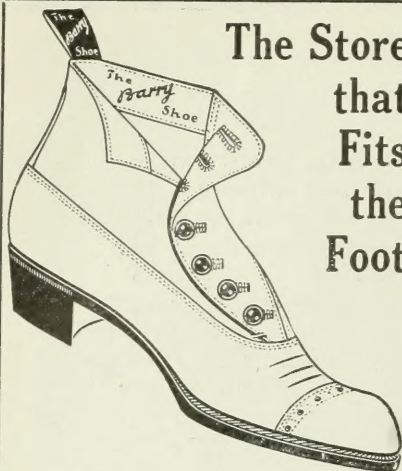
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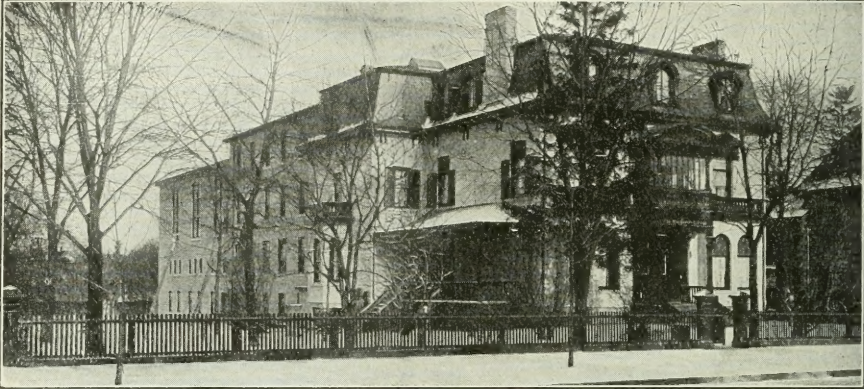
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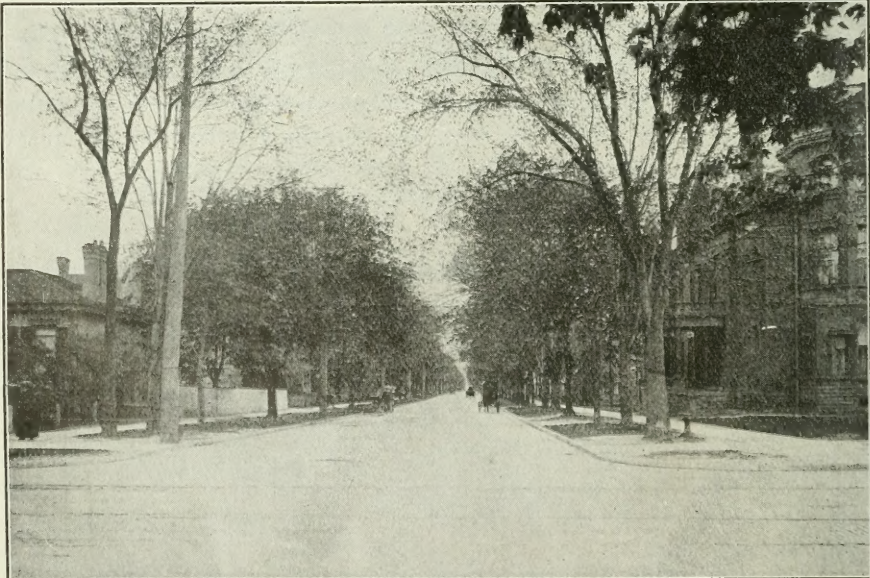
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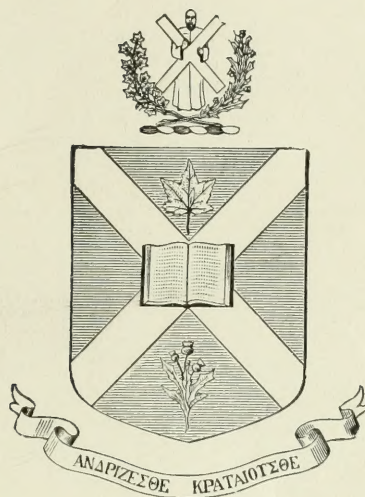
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The St. Andrew's College Review



CHRISTMAS, 1913

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St. Andrew's College Review

CHRISTMAS, 1913

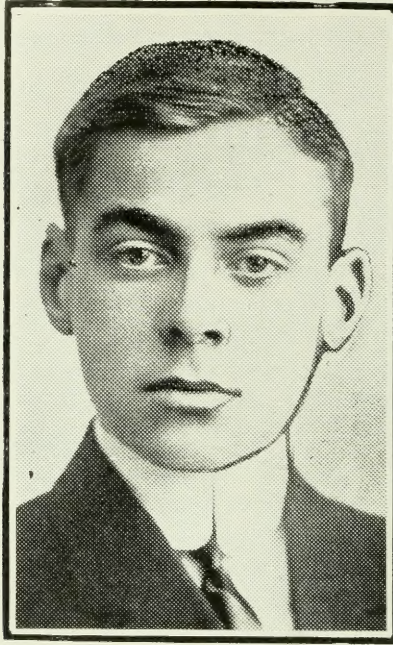
Editorials

OUR first duty is to thank our contributors for their generous response to our appeal for reading matter. Our difficulty has been mainly that of selecting among a large number of articles of almost equal merit, and our choice has been guided, in some cases, by clearness, terseness and vividness of narration to pass over compositions which, though interesting and carefully written, suffered from prolixity and too strenuous an attempt at "fine writing." A great authority on English prose once said that, "the finest stylist was he whose work showed least signs of style," and the dictum is worth pondering on. But rich as we are in essayists we lack a poet, and miss him sadly. Is there no budding Robert Service in St. Andrew's College?

Except for the sad bereavement of which a notice will be found in this issue, the term has been blissfully uneventful, and interest has centred mainly on the doings of our First Football Team, which has covered itself with glory during a most successful season, and has restored to our keeping the trophy of the "Little Big Four." All honor to Wright and his team of stalwarts who have played a hard, clean game from start to finish. The comparative immunity of our team from injury, and the excellent staying powers which were largely responsible for their success, speak volumes for the careful supervision of Mr. Chapman.

In conclusion we would appeal to all our readers for any information that might be of interest about the doings of old boys. Such interest is not confined to their correct initials, address, and date of birth or demise. We should like to know all about them and theirs; and it will be a proud day for the Editors when they can go to press with four or five pages of Old Boys news.

Obituary



DONALD R. COOPER

(Son of Rev. W. B. Cooper.)

BORN DEC. 13, 1896—DIED OCT. 30, 1913.

ON the 22nd of April, 1908, Donald Cooper entered St. Andrew's College as a pupil in the second form. He had previously attended the Bristol Grammar School in Bristol, England, where his ability attracted attention, and from the day of his entry at St. Andrew's high expectations were entertained for him by all his teachers.

As a pupil he seemed to experience no difficulty in learning, his powers of concentration and attention were of a high order, while he possessed at the same time the industry and patience always necessary to success. A bright future seemed to lie before this promising boy.

On entering the Upper School he devoted himself at first to Classics and made good progress in the study of Latin and Greek. In the latter he exhibited a capacity for languages which would have enabled him to win distinction in this department. His success in languages is the more remarkable because his real choice was science, and to this subject, together with mathematics, he devoted himself during his last year at St. Andrew's.

While possessed of exceptional mental ability he always took his full share in the athletic activities of the school, playing on whatever teams required his services, and taking a keen interest in out-of-door sports.

Possessing so happily these qualities of mind and body it is not surprising that he was always popular with his companions. His success inspired emulation never marred by jealousy. He was a good comrade as well as a good scholar.

The sudden death of a companion so highly esteemed came as a shock to boys and masters. Cooper had spent the past summer in a visit to England, and on his way back, it is thought, contracted typhoid fever. Hopes of his recovery were entertained in spite of very serious complications, but a sudden turn for the worse ended fatally. During his illness the boys of the Upper Sixth sent, with some flowers, a message of sympathy, and it is pleasant to know that Cooper was able, before the end, to appreciate the thoughtfulness of this action.

During his course at St. Andrew's, Cooper won the following prizes:—

1909, iii A.—1st general proficiency and first-class honors.

1910, iv A.—1st general proficiency, and first-class honors.

1911, v A.—1st, general proficiency and first-class honors.

1912, L vi.—1st general proficiency and first-class honors.

The Wyld prize in Latin; the Lieutenant-Governor's medal; the Chairman's gold medal; matriculation at Toronto University.

Strange and inscrutable the fate that has deprived us of one so richly endowed. Donald Cooper will long be remembered by the boys and masters of St. Andrew's College.

Fiction

EARLY DAYS IN THE WEST

IN the spring of '83, my parents went to Calgary, then little more than the Hudson's Bay trading-post and headquarters for the Royal North-West Mounted Police, with a population, of white people, not exceeding one hundred. My father at that time started the first stage line, running north to Edmonton and south to Fort McLeod. He had the government contract of carrying all the mail and express between these points. At the time of the Indian rising in '85, he drove a Hudson's Bay commissioner two hundred miles, from Calgary to Edmonton, in record time, a little less than twenty-four hours, for which he received five hundred dollars.

There were only a few ranch houses scattered throughout the country, and these could scarcely be called houses, for they were mostly two-roomed shacks. Nevertheless, a stranger was always heartily welcomed, and room could always be made for one more. Beds were scarce and there were not many other household articles. The ranchers had a hard time keeping their men; for these would light a fire in the oven, wash their feet in the cooking utensils, trade everything they had for trinkets, and leave on a moment's notice with the excuse that there were not enough girls around. Cowboys came to town and rioted about the streets. They stopped at nothing and would even ride their horses into the stores, break windows, and do just as they liked with anything and anybody. About once a month the cowboys held a bucking contest, and would bet their month's salary that they could ride any horse produced. This always proved a most interesting and exciting exhibition.

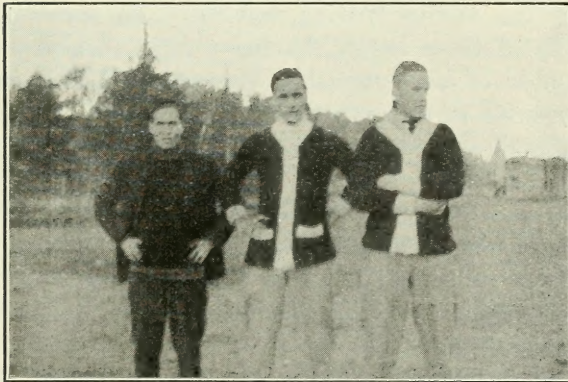
Social life consisted chiefly of dances. To attend these people would drive twenty or thirty miles, and were quite often storm-staid. When this happened they would make a house-party of the occasion, the men sleeping in the dairy, and the women in the house. During the dances water was passed in a bucket and served with a tin dipper, and the music was generally furnished

by a mouth organ and a squeaky violin. In spite of this dancing was kept up until daylight because it was too dangerous to drive home in the dark on account of the bad muskies, at that time very numerous.

Much credit is due to the Mounted Police for keeping peace throughout the country. They would make regular rounds of the ranches and take reports of the conditions. If there were no complaints the rancher signed a paper to that effect. Such was their power that three of the riders of the plains could conduct scores of Indians about the country, because they wore the scarlet uniforms that the Redmen had learned to respect and fear; indeed, in the old days the policy of the force was to send as few men as possible.

The country's first boom seemed to come with the rush for the Klondyke in 1898, when English capital was squandered in a vain attempt to reach the Northland by way of Edmonton. This opened up the country; for more settlers brought in money, and gave the country its start.

J. S. LEESON.



" Peek-a-Boo, Lin and Babe "

PHILLIP WARING, HERO

PHILLIP Waring had a high opinion of his own ability and physical courage. And he was ambitious. For, though but a humble bank-teller, he entertained hopes of some time securing a government position. After that,—well, anything may happen to a government clerk.

On his list of acquaintances were two members of parliament, on whose influence he based his expectations. His "intimate friendship," as he termed it, consisted of having several times honored their cheques, but this, of course, he said nothing about. But, during the transaction of his business with them, he had succeeded in winning their sympathies and they had consented to recommend him to those in authority.

As he sauntered through the residential section of the city, the future shone bright before him. He pictured himself rising, step by step, until his mighty brain ruled the Empire. He invested one of his rather scarce pennies in an evening paper, but, unlike his fellow bankers, he turned, not to the sport page, but to the political reports. There met his eye a photograph of the Prime Minister, who, it stated, would leave that same evening for the Hague, to attend an international conference. Substituting his own name for that of the Premier, the sought caught his fancy: "Sir Philip Waring, K.C.G." He knew nothing of the meaning of those letters, having a hazy idea that it might be the number of his automobile license. But this in no way lessened his sense of self-importance, nor the tilt of his chin from making an angle still more obtuse with his collar, as he continued on his way.

Turning a corner, he suddenly encountered a small crowd of people congregated about the gate of a stately mansion. On enquiry, he was informed that they were waiting to cheer the departing Premier. Waring decided that it would be worth while to have a good look at the great man, as he would some day have a closer acquaintance with him. So he made himself as comfortable as he could against an iron picket fence, and waited.

As he stood there comparing the Prime Minister's house with that of his dreams for the future, he became aware of two men behind him talking in low and earnest tones. One of Phillip's

weaknesses was curiosity, and he could not resist the temptation of listening.

"This is our last chance," said a deep harsh voice, "he leaves to-night for Europe. Once in his carriage, we have lost him." Then, after a pause: "the thing seems to be working smoothly. Hand me the other cartridge; I'll do the job."

These words were accompanied by several metallic clicks, and Phillip's last doubt left him. He was quick to draw his conclusions.

"Probably foreigners whose nation will profit by the statesman's absence from the Hague; or, if not, they are anarchists. I must prevent them."

Waring liked to pose as a hero. He knew that a real hero in fiction should be tall, broad and handsome, and although he possessed none of these essentials, in his conceit he was thus distinguished.

Philip was not actuated by a patriotic love of country in his determination to save the most eminent statesman of the day. It was a selfish motive. "For," he thought, "with *his* support it will be only a matter of days until the position of bank-teller will no longer know Phillip Waring."

He made his way to the side entrance of the house and rang. On his way he passed the two conspirators, but could not get a glimpse of the weapon referred to by the big man. However, the latter's coat bulged suspiciously, and Phillip concluded that the revolver was hidden there.

To the questions of the servant who opened the door, he replied that he was not a reporter, and followed the butler nervously into the hall. "I wonder what he's selling?" pondered the puzzled domestic.

Phillip gazed in awe upon the great man, then blurted out his tidings. The Prime Minister seemed inclined to doubt him at first, but Waring's manner was convincing, and he succeeded in obtaining a posse of four plainclothes policemen to assist him in arresting the would-be assassins. The five took up a position near the plotters and awaited developments.

The Premier had promised Phillip any reward in his power if he captured the anarchists, and with these words ringing in his ears, he was keyed up to the highest pitch of excitement.

The front door opened and the statesman stepped forth simultaneously, the conspirators pressed through the crowd to the front, where their shadowers proceeded to surround them.

Waring, intending to nudge his nearest companion, elicited a storm of abuse from a stout peasant woman who had received his elbow in the back. Phillip pointed to the bulge in the big man's coat, and the plainclothesman nodded wisely, and muttered "Revolver."

As the foremost of their quarry produced something from under his coat, they sprang upon him with shouts of "Anarchists! Assassins!" The unknown object fell clattering to the pavement. The Premier laughed aloud from relief, and Phillip perceived the cause of the others mirth as his gaze fell upon the "mysterious thing." It was a reporter's small camera!

Still Phillip was undaunted. "Hand over that cartridge you spoke about," he commanded impressively. The sniggers of the by-standers ceased abruptly at these words, only to burst forth uproariously as the "anarchist" produced an oblong pasteboard box, on which was printed in large letters: "Eastman non-curling Film Cartridge."

Waring stalked down the street in disgust. But still he plods his weary way through an unappreciative world, talking and dreaming of a government position, to the lasting amusement of his fellow-clerks.

F. G. GRANT.



Types of Classical Beauty

HUNTING DEER IN THE HILLS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

WE started on this hunting trip on the sixth of September, because on the eighth I was to leave the valley in which I was staying for Vancouver, and I wished to have a last good hunt before my departure. There were four of us in the party, the eldest being about nineteen years of age. He was our guide, as he had been to the place where we were now going the week before, and had been very successful. This spot lay on the far side of a 6,000 feet mountain, which formed one of the sides of the valley. We had to climb the mountain to get there, and therefore decided to camp on top of it and hunt on the slope below us.

We set out at two o'clock in the afternoon with one pack-horse, which was to carry our supplies, and bring back a deer if we did manage to get one. We all felt as if it would be an easy matter to reach the summit; that is, all but the guide; but when we had gone what I thought was one-quarter of the way I began to feel tired. The guide, however, was going as fast as ever, seemingly without exertion. The others looked a little tired also; so, thinking that it was time for a rest, I leaned against the side of the mountain, followed by all but our leader. He turned round and told us that we had better be moving, as he wished to get to the top before darkness; besides, we hadn't started yet. We did as he said and continued the climb. The guide went first, leading the horse, while we followed wearily after. The trail, if you could call it that, had been made by deer, so that it was very steep in places.

After a long while, as it seemed to me, the guide stopped, and we all lay down for a few minutes rest. I felt better after this, though I was very thirsty, as were the others of the party. On asking the guide how soon it would be before we could get water, he replied, quite cheerfully: "Oh! we have not gone quite half-way, the hardest part is to come yet, and there is no water 'till we get to the top."

It was as he said. Though encouraged by the fact that we shot two large blue grouse for supper, when we arrived at the summit we were completely exhausted. We were also very thirsty, not having touched water for nearly five hours, so that when the guide showed us the springs we made for them like one man. The water, however, was so cold at this altitude that we

could hardly drink it, which, no doubt, was better for us than if we had gulped it down, as we wished to. The guide, while we were satisfying our thirst and resting a bit, attended to the horse, made a fire and prepared supper. Though it was now dark the fire gave us enough light to eat by. We just sat and ate until we could eat no more, after which we made our bed under a jack-pine tree, and the four of us rolled in for a good night's rest.

The guide tried to spoil our slumbers by remarking that two weeks ago the game warden and a companion were camping about half a mile from where we were now and that during the night a grizzly bear of immense size had wandered into the camp and licked the face of one of the sleepers. The other was awakened by the yell of his companion, and not seeing a gun handy, climbed a tree. The grizzly, not being hungry, then quietly ambled away. This little bedtime story had no effect on any of us, for we were too tired to care whether a grizzly or any other animal chose to lick our faces.

In the morning we arose at four o'clock; our water and eatables were frozen, but were soon thawed by a good fire. After breakfast our hunt started. We went in two parties, one consisting of a boy named Alfred Causton and myself. The slope on which we were to hunt was hardly a slope at all, as it was almost level. At the bottom was a small creek where we knew the deer had their watering places. My friend and I went in a south-westerly direction, while the guide and the other went towards the south-east, but all of us headed indirectly for the creek. My friend and I hunted for an hour without success, seeing only tracks and a number of grouse. We had reached the creek by this time and were resting when we heard five shots in rapid succession. It was the guide's rifle, and though we knew he was a fine shot we did not think that he would get anything firing so quickly. Nevertheless, we fired a shot in the air and started in the direction from which the sound had come.

On finding our companions we were astonished to see three shapes, which we knew to be deer, lying on the ground beside them. Closer examination proved that the guide had killed a doe and two fawns, not quite a year old. Then, tired and hungry, but feeling as if we never had enjoyed and never would enjoy a more successful outing, we journeyed back more cheerily than we had come.

A NARROW ESCAPE

IT was early one spring when the weather was so warm that the people of St. John's thought that Nature had at last relented and was going to give them a much longer and warmer summer than usual that I had an experience which I shall not forget for many years.

I returned home from school at four in the afternoon, brought out my wheel and decided to go for a ride—a ride that nearly cost me my life. I had been riding back and forth for about fifteen minutes, when I came to a road which had another one running at right angles to it. It was here the accident happened.

A runaway horse maddened with fear came thundering down the road and, unable to take the sharp turn, swerved right in upon me. I knew nothing of this until a roar behind me attracted my attention. I looked over my shoulder and to my horror saw the horse, which had collided with an iron fence, greatly damaging the light waggon which it was hauling.

I heard screams and frenzied instructions from the bystanders to which I gave no heed. Unconsciously I gripped the handles and pedalled as hard as I could; but the horse still came on. It seemed to chase me and I expected to feel its fore legs on my back at any moment. I continued pedalling. I heard nothing and I knew nothing but that aching fear which clung to me. The huge brute seemed to tower above me, and I could turn neither to the right nor the left, for those deathly looking forelegs would catch me in my turning.

The horse was now only about two feet behind and I felt that the end had come; when an inclination seized me, a half-conscious prompting to throw myself off. This I did, and for a few moments lay utterly dazed. When I came to my senses I found myself lying on the ground with my shattered wheel a few feet from me. The horse had been caught farther up the road. The whole thing lasted only a few moments, but the escape was narrow enough for me to remember it as vividly as though it happened yesterday.

R. E. BENNETT.

A ROUGH RIDE

ONE Sunday last summer some of the boys from the different ranches and I were sitting on the corral fence talking and killing time. As there was very little excitement in this I suggested that someone should ride Queen, one of my father's horses. She had been running out for the last two years, and as she had always been wild and mean she was not likely to be very quiet.

Every one was willing; so they decided to match for who would ride her; and as I had suggested it, they insisted that I should go in for it, too.

Well, I won or lost, whichever you like, but anyway it was up to me to ride her. I felt as though my ride would be short, for she had thrown me several times before, when she was being ridden every day and was much quieter.

The boys roped her and put my heavy stock saddle on and a good strong bridle. I locked my spurs, which is done by tying the rowels so they will not turn. This enables the rider to stick them into the horse and prevents them from pulling up. If the rider gets a good grip in this way it gives him a great advantage.

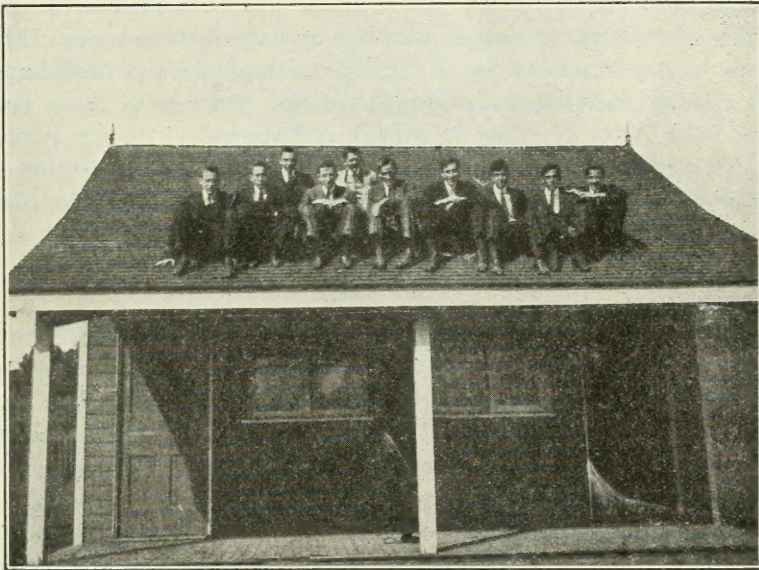
Queen fought a little while they were putting the saddle on, but not much, and my hopes began to rise. Two of them held her head while I got on. She stood stock still and they let her loose. She did not move and I said to her in my most authoritative voice: "Get up, Queen!" Still Queen refused to move, so I gently reminded her of her duty with my spurs. It seemed as though I touched a hidden spring for in a flash she humped her back, down went her head between her front legs, and she started to buck.

The first jump left me, as I thought, somewhere up in the air. As I was coming down she met me half-way and gave me another start towards the sun, which was shining brightly. About six jumps like this and I felt my balance going. My left hand was free and I groped for something to hang on to. The saddle had a rolled back, so I grabbed it, and hung on. She bucked into a corner and then stopped travelling and bucked straight up and down. "This is where I go over the fence," I thought; but I kept feeling for a hold with my spurs, and at last got them hooked in between the cinch strings, which were of wool.

The pain of the spurs made her turn and she started off across the corral, still bucking, but not so hard. The boys all shouted for me to let go leather, and I thought, too, this was not a very good way to ride a horse, especially before spectators; so I let go the saddle back and took out the spurs. She was not bucking hard then, and after I took out the spurs she stopped.

On starting to get off I discovered that there were sharp pains shooting through my back and left shoulder. When I had hold of the back of the saddle I was sitting in a twisted position and strained the muscles. However, I got off as best I could, and let the boys unsaddle her; but I thought that that was about enough excitement for one day, so I took it easy the remainder of the afternoon.

A. P. HUNTER.



Pigeons Near the Corn

A CHRISTMAS STORY

YES, my boy, yes, those were the good, old times. None of your bargain-hunting, temper-wearing Christmases then. No, Sir!" said the old man as he gently smoothed the curls of the youngster who sat at his feet, listening to him.

The pair, grandfather and grandson, made a pretty picture as they sat in front of the big, open fireplace, whose cheery, crackling flames showed them in strong relief against the flickering shadows cast upon the walls of the room by the massive old furniture.

A child's small stocking hung from the mantel, in expectation of the morrow.

"Tell me about the wolves," demanded the child, becoming restless as his grandsire mused; "tell me how you saved Grandma."

"How I saved Grandma, dear? Very well, just wait till I collect my thoughts."

The room in which they were sitting was furnished with age-darkened mahogany, carved in quaint and intricate designs. The walls were wainscoted by a dark panelling, above which hung the family portraits of past generations, alternating here and there with coats of arms, or shields and spears.

The whole room was obviously an apartment in a mansion of some pretensions. It had, indeed, in bygone days, been the banquetting-hall of the old castle, of which it formed a part; it was now used as a sitting-room, though seldom frequented by others than the grandfather and his favorite.

"Well, Bub, it was this way," began the grandfather, in his high, quavering voice. "Your grandma and I were out for a sleigh-ride one Christmas morning, many years ago. We had left the last houses far behind and were out in the open country. The sleigh-bells were tinkling merrily, and the runners were creaking as they slipped over the snow.

"It was one of those clear, cold, December days, that you don't have now. The snow covered all the fences, and had a crust on it, so that we could drive where we pleased. As far as could be seen, there was nothing but snow and sky, except in the distance, some woods.

"We were just silently enjoying it all, when your Grandma asked me if it wasn't curious for the dogs to be so far from home.

"I asked her what she meant, and she told me to listen. Sure enough, in the distance I could hear a deep baying—but I knew they were not dogs that bayed. They were wolves!

"As I looked over the snow I could see a large pack of them in the distance just topping a rise in the ground. Well, I headed the horses towards the woods and lashed the poor brutes mercilessly. I hated to do it, but our lives depended upon our reaching the woods in time.

"The wolves still gained on us, so I threw out the buffalo robes, hoping to delay them. By this time they were within a mile of us, and we had to cover at least twice that distance, before we reached the woods and comparative safety. They had gained considerably before they reached the rugs, and these stopped them for but a few seconds.

"On they came again, and were not a hundred yards behind us when we reached the woods. I swung your Grandma up into the branches of a tree, and then caught hold of the next low branch and lifted myself up.

"I was none too soon, for, as it was, one of them came within an inch or two of my foot. We were not held up there long, as the woods were thin and the horses dashed through with the wolves in full cry after them.

"I noticed a hut within a few yards of the trees we were in, and this we managed to enter and barricade well before the wolves returned, licking their chops. They did not remain long. Perhaps the poor horses had served as a good meal, and the wolves were not hungry enough to bother about us. We remained there till a lumberman came by, that evening, in his big sleigh and took us to town.

"Now, Bub, it's time you were in bed. Kiss your Grandpa good-night."

For a while the old man sat alone, gazing into the fire in abstraction ruminating over the past. There were no candles in the room, the fire alone illuminating the dark corners, and the stately old furniture.

The flames became lower, dimmer—the old man nodded, all was quiet. A clock in some distant room chimed eleven. So quiet was it that a mouse ventured out of a corner, and darting across the floor hit the fire-tongs in its headlong flight. This disturbed the old man.

"Go to bed, Bub, go to bed," he muttered sleepily.

All was again quiet. Again the chimes rang out—twelve o'clock. Still the old man slept on. And now the room suddenly seemed to have changed—only the old man remained the same.

There was now no piano—in its place stood a harp. The furniture looked newer. The centre of the floor was clear. Chairs were ranged round the walls.

The door opened. In came a young and pretty maiden, closely followed by a fine looking young man—whose appearance reminded one strongly of the old man sitting by the fire. A lively chase now ensued. The youth chasing the maid, who always evaded him, till at last she sat down, laughing and breathless, on a chair; only to be gathered into his arms.

"You will drive with me to-morrow, dear?" he questioned.

"Yes," she replied.

Now others began to arrive. In a short time several fiddlers entered. A minuet was danced. Then followed divers merry-makings, till at last a clock, which had appeared with the changing of the room, chimed midnight.

The guests began to depart. At last only the boy and girl remained, and he took an affectionate farewell, after reminding her of the promised sleigh-drive on the morrow. The girl seated herself at the harp and began to play the opening chords of "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

A change came over the old man. He half rose in his chair and appeared to be attempting to speak. At last he found utterance.

"Is that you, Mary? Wait for me, I——." He sank back in the chair. One would have said he slept. The fire had burned itself out, and the room had resumed its former appearance.

Outside, some waits were chanting "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

It was Christmas morn.

K. MICKLEBOROUGH.

NEW BOYS' NIGHT AT ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE

THE New Boys' Night, at St. Andrew's College, or, as some call it, "The Breaking-in of the New Boys," was held this year on Friday evening, the 26th of September. Dr. MacDonald called for order at a quarter past eight, and Travis, as head prefect, took the chair. There was a large audience, including many of the house masters.

The first item on the programme was a selection on the piano, by Mr. Taylor, of college songs and a few old-time melodies, which were enjoyed so much by the fellows, who joined in singing whenever an opportunity offered, that Mr. Taylor was obliged to return to the piano for an encore, which consisted of a few popular songs.

Engle was then called upon for a reading, which was exceedingly comical and which elicited loud peals of laughter from the audience. It was a parody on Mark Antony's oration on the burial of Caesar.

Before the laughter had ceased Findley, McMurtry and Smith were called for a trio to the accompaniment of Hewson and MacPherson on their respective instruments, the violin and piano. They sang "When I Lost You," making several breaks in the time and words. This caused great amusement for the audience and some embarrassment for the trio. However, they were encored, and this time they seemed to sing more in harmony with the piano.

The next item was a reading by McLaurin. This was, in some places, very humorous, but in others very dry.

Taylor II. followed with a clarionet solo. His wind was hardly equal to the music, and once or twice he was forced to stop to take a breath. But as he stood manfully on the platform and played well he was applauded loudly and encored.

When the applause had ceased, Crowe gave us a reading, which was entitled, "The New Food." This food, which was in the form of a pill of highly expansive quality, was unfortunately swallowed by the family baby, who subsequently exploded. This afforded much amusement and was applauded very loudly.

Amid vain appeals for encore the chairman's voice was heard above the laughter, calling on Horn, Fleming, Niell, Smith, McRae and Stonehouse. They sang (at least one or two did)

"Everybody's Doing It" and "Good-Night Nurse." The audience rocked with laughter while the blushing artists gave an encore.

Harrison was next with a reading, which fell a little flat after the previous excitement.

Then followed a performance as successful as it was novel to the audience: a clog-dance by Taylor I., accompanied by Parker, on the mouth-organ.

Emerson's reading, which came next, might have been more amusing had it been audible.

Bennett II. then gave a solo on a flute. He was rather nervous, but he made it appear that he was quite in his element by sitting on the corner of the table and swinging his legs to keep time. He, too, was encored.

The twelfth item on the programme was a poetic reading by Williams of a story of the North, entitled, "I'm Scared of It All." Unhappily, the effect was somewhat marred before he had concluded, by the entrance of the second team, which had been playing Rugby with Pickering College, and caused some commotion.

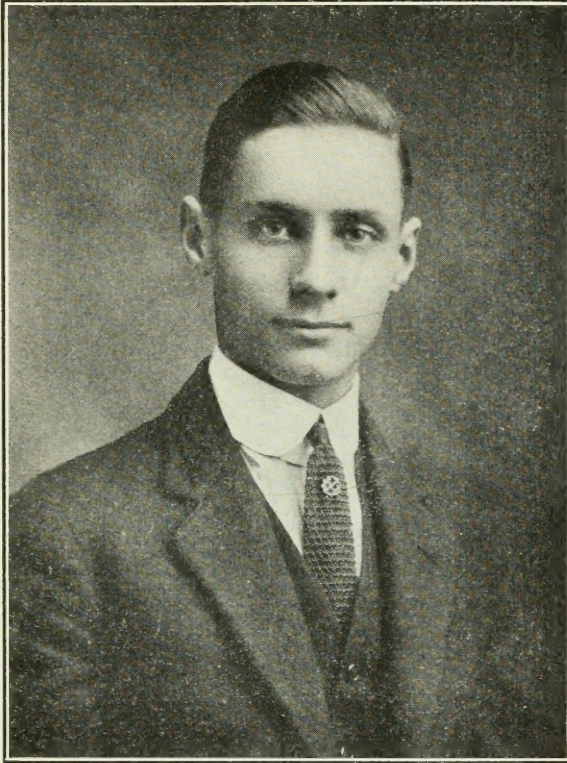
The same unhappy fate met Roger's reading, which was to the accompaniment of a babble of whispers as to the score.

A violin solo by Schattner was the last item on the programme, which, though rather long, was deservedly encored.

After Travis had congratulated the second team on their victory and Dr. MacDonald had conducted prayers; ices, cake and lemonade, in the dining-room, brought a splendid evening to a comforting finish.

G. E. WHITTAKER.

Athletics



L. Wright

PERSONNEL OF FIRST TEAM

Wright I. ("Lin"), captain—came up from last year's Second Team and played centre half; the best kicker in the league, and directed his team with excellent judgment; showed great ability in finding weak spots in the opposing teams.

McMichael ("Pete"), right half—came up from Lower School, a fair catch and a good running half; improved greatly during the season.

Parker ("Peek-a-Boo"), left half—a new boy; a good catch and kicker; very fast; showed up extremely well in T. C. S. game.

Scott ("Scottie"), quarter—came up from Fourth Team; a snappy, heady player; tackled well all year and played his position ably.

Willoughby ("Willie"), centre scrimmage—the hardest player on the team; followed up well on kicks and tackled hard.

Stonehouse ("Stony"), scrimmage—a new boy; played a good scrimmage game all year; a hard worker, and was of great value to his team.

McRae ("Mac"), scrimmage—a new boy; a fast, steady, good tackling man; played his position to perfection.

Soot ("Himer"), inside—came up from Second Team; a great buckler, and was of great value to the team, but was handicapped all year with a strained ankle.

McLennan ("Fat"), inside—an old color, excellent on stopping bucks; played steady game all season, showing up to great advantage in Ridley game.

Trow ("Stout"), middle—an old color; the best on the line, bucks and tackles well; was out of Ridley game with a bad elbow.

Wallace ("Ham"), middle—came up from Second Team; a good, hard worker and played a good steady game all season, being always in his position.

Cassels ("Cassy"), outside—captain last year's Thirds; very fast and a hard tackler; follows up well on kicks; showed up well in U.C.C. game.

Brown I. ("Bud"), outside—came up from Second Team; good on end runs, a good tackler and played his position well.

Davis I. ("Rick"), flying wing—came up from last year's Thirds; a good, hard worker and a splendid tackle; was always where he was needed.

Ingram ("Merk"),—substituted in Trow's place in Ridley game; a splendid tackle and got his head down on bucks; filled the place well.

Cantley ("Bunny")—Was hurt in U.C.C. game; a good kicker and a hard worker.

Leishman ("George")—substitute in Parker's place; a sure catch and steady runner.

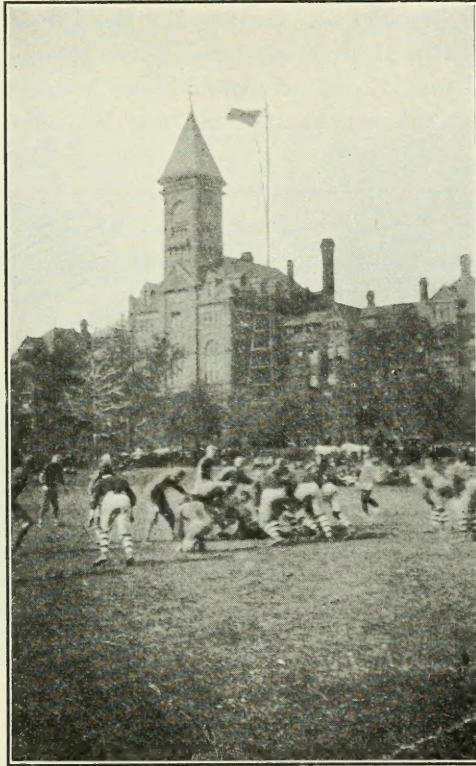
The team wishes to thank Travis and Leckie for their able management during the season.

ST. ANDREW'S vs. UPPER CANADA.

Saturday, October 25th, 1913.

Outplayed in every department of the game, U.C.C. fourteen went down to defeat at the hands of the St. Andrew's team by 16—11.

The day was perfect for football, with a clear sky and a brisk north-east breeze.



S.A.C. vs. U.C.C.

Tremendous cheers greeted the teams as they stepped on the field. Dr. Hendry and Mr. W. A. Hewitt had been secured to officiate.

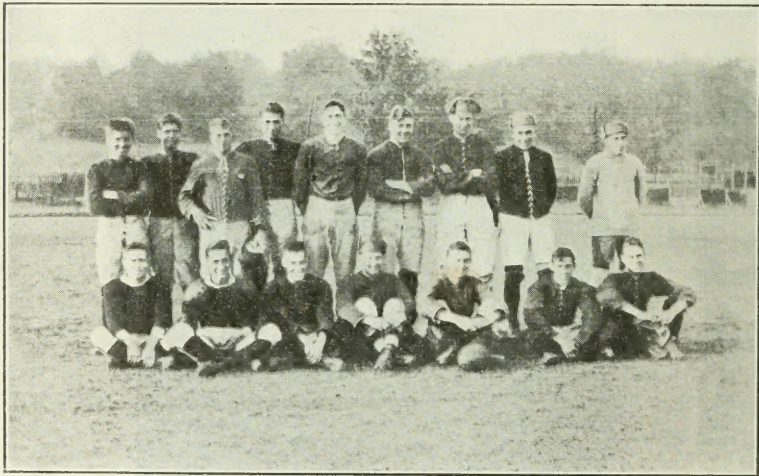
S.A.C. won the toss and elected to kick west with the wind. Tenant kicked off to Wright, who returned to Raymond. U.C.C. were penalized for offside work, and on first down Cantley kicked

over to Tisdale, who was held by Cassells and Wilson for a rouge.—S.A.C., 1; U.C.C., 0.

Upper Canada followed the old custom of two bucks and a kick, while the Saints punted often on first down. Wright's long spirals outdistanced those of Raymond and finally resulted in a touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 0.

Cantley was hurt in tackling Raymond, but pluckily continued. U.C.C. were still bucking, though they seldom penetrated the sturdy crimson line. After several successful end runs, Raymond kicked to Wright, who was downed for the Blue's first point.—S.A.C., 2; U.C.C., 1.

The majority of Raymond's punts were going to Wright, but the visiting captain caught and returned perfectly. The Saints



The Raw Material

now commenced to use their bucks, against which the U.C.C. line was powerless. Several of Raymond's kicks were blocked, and Heinzman was often unable to clear the ball. Offside interference left St. Andrew's in possession on the home team's 20-yard line. They proceeded to hammer their way to within a yard of the Blue's goal line. Soot was called back and plowed through the U.C.C. line for a try. Wright judged his kick perfectly from a difficult angle.—S.A.C., 8; U.C.C., 1.

Upper Canada were now using their fleet half line and gradually left off bucking. Quarter time was called with the home team in possession on their 30-yard line.

Early in the second period McLennan blocked Tenant's kick and carried the ball over the line, only to be called back for U.C.C.'s offside. After two bucks, Wright kicked high to Raymond, a rouge resulting.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 1.

Several interferences and successful end runs enabled Raymond to kick over to Cantley, who was forced to rouge.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 2.

Shortly after, Cantley lost the ball on an attempted fake play



The Finished Article on the Way to U.C.C.

and Raymond added a point by a kick to touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 3.

The Saints scrimmaged and after an exchange of punts Raymond kicked to Cantley and a rouge followed.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 4.

Though S.A.C. were netting substantial gains from their bucks, the game was rapidly resolving itself into a punting duel between Wright and Raymond. Cantley's ankle was injured and McMichael replaced him. Back and forth soared the oval until Wright's only fumble occurred, and that on his line. Swift fol-

lowing gave Upper Canada a touch-down, which went unconverted.—S.A.C., 9; U.C.C., 9.

Neither team had been able to break the tie when the whistle shrilled for half-time, with St. Andrew's in possession on U.C.C.'s 10-yard line.

Second Half.

Wright received the kick-off; two bucks followed and the captain kicked to Tisdale for a rouge.—S.A.C., 10; U.C.C., 9.

U.C.C. lost the ball for offside; S.A.C. bucked twice and Wright booted to the dead-line.—S.A.C., 11; U.C.C., 9.

Upper Canada scrimmaged, but lost possession on downs. Soot bucked and Parker dropped a goal from U.C.C.'s 10-yard line.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 9.

After McMichael had received the kick-off, Wright's kick was blocked and Tenant booted to Wright for a rouge.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 10.

Tenant returned Wright's drop to Parker, and another rouge resulted.—S.A.C., 14; U.C.C., 11.

The ball changed hands frequently for interference. Willoughby was penalized for rough work, for five minutes. After slowly but surely forcing his opponents back, Wright kicked into touch-in-goal for a point.—S.A.C., 15; U.C.C., 11.

Three-quarter time was called shortly after, with no change in the score.—S.A.C., 15; U.C.C., 11.

During the final period, S.A.C. bucked incessantly, while the Blue resorted to half-back work. After hammering their way to their opponent's quarter-way line, the Saint's added the last point to their score on Wright's kick into touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 16; U.C.C., 11.

Upper Canada's line plungers had already gone under from the steady pace and the Crimson line was fast tiring. The Saints' strength now lay in the remarkable and consistent kicking of Wright. The latter and Parker essayed to drop goals, but failed.

Pepler and Heinzman electrified their supporters by 40-yard runs. These went for nought, however, as time was called ere they could increase their score, leaving the victory with S.A.C. by 16 points to 11.

It is well nigh impossible to pick individual stars, but the work of Wright, Cassells and Scott is worthy of special mention.

The captain, by his all-round playing and example, was the greatest factor in the Saints' victory.

As for Cassells, the Principal's words describe his playing: "No outside wing playing for St. Andrew's ever played a better game than did Cassells."

Scott cleared the ball cleanly, passed perfectly, and tackled very well.

The bucking of the line was of the highest class and is worthy of much praise.

The line-up:

S.A.C.—Halves, Wright I. (capt.) Parker, Cantley (McMichael); quarter, Scott; scrimmage, Stonehouse, Willoughby, McRae; insides, McLennan, Soot; middles, Trow, Wallace; outsides, Cassells, Wilson; flying wing, Davis I.

U.C.C.—Halves, Tenant, Raymond, Tisdale; quarter, Heinzman; scrimmage, Walker, Denovan, Phillips; insides, Jones (capt.), Peterson; middles, Daverin, Helmskin; outsides, Dean, Pepler; flying wing, Turner.

F. GRANT II.

S. A. C. vs. T. C. S.

On Saturday, November 1st, the second league game, which was between Trinity College and St. Andrew's, took place on St. Andrew's grounds. The day was ideal from the player's point of view, but the spectators considered it extremely chilly. A warm sun shone, but a strong, cold wind blew across the field.

Trinity, who won the toss, chose to defend the north goal. Willoughby kicked off to Taylor, who fumbled, but recovered. St. Andrew's quickly warmed up to the game and soon had two points, one coming when Cassells downed Dawe, and the other from a touch-in-goal, kicked by Wright. S. A. C., 2; T. C. S., 0. St. Andrew's continued to keep the play in Trinity's territory, and from a punt by Taylor, Wright ran forty yards for a touch which was not converted. S.A.C., 7; T.C.S., 0.

Trinity braced themselves up and began to play, keeping St. Andrew's on the defence. Dawe helped considerably by long runs and then Taylor kicked to the dead line for Trinity's first score. S.A.C., 7; T.C.S., 1. St. Andrew's came back strong, and good bucks by Trow and McLennan forced the ball down the field and

Wright then kicked for a dead line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 1. Trinity now played hard and again put St. Andrew's on the defensive. By good playing they notched another point by touch-in-goal. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 2. A few minutes later time was called for the first quarter. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 2.

St. Andrew's slackened up somewhat in this quarter and allowed Trinity to add three more points. Dawe got away for a 30-yard run, and on a good kick by Taylor, Cooke forced Wright to



"Some" Supporters

rouge. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 3. Trinity kept forcing the play, and in a couple of minutes kicked for a dead line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 4. St. Andrew's now took the ball down the field, but failed to make anything on it, and Dawe again came into the limelight by a 40-yard run. On St. Andrew's being offside, Trinity got the ball and kicked to advantage, forcing McMichael to rouge. Half-time came soon after with St. Andrew's in possession on their 30-yard line. S.A.C., 8; T.C.S., 5.

T.C.S. kicked off to Parker, who was held on his 30-yard line. On second down the most sensational run of the season was pulled off by Parker, who having received the ball from Wright ran around the end and, evading all tackles, went for sixty yards for a touch-down, which was not converted. S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 5. T.C.S. now put St. Andrew's on the defensive. A couple of runs by Rowland and a nice kick by Taylor resulted in Trinity's last score by touch-in-goal. S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 6. St. Andrew's now made a steady attack and kept Trinity continually on the defensive. Good runs by Rowland kept St. Andrew's from scoring, but at last Wright succeeded in kicking for another point, after which time was called. S.A.C., 14; T.C.S., 6.

St. Andrew's in the last quarter outplayed Trinity, who were kept on defence throughout. T.C.S. were not in very good condition, as was evident from the number of times the game was called. Dawe was forced to rouge soon after the quarter started, which was followed by a touch, McRae falling on the ball after Rowland had muffed one of Wright's high kicks. S.A.C., 20; T.C.S., 6. Soon after Wright punted to the dead-line, followed a few minutes later by another. S.A.C., 22; T.C.S., 6. Time was called with St. Andrew's the victors.

For Trinity Rowland and Dawe were perhaps the best, their fine runs keeping St. Andrew's from scoring. Bradfield tackled well and played a good game at quarter, until he was hurt and had to desist.

On St. Andrew's team Wright as usual played a stellar game, his high kicks being very effective. Parker and Scott also played well.

The teams:

T.C.S. (6)—Flying wing, Pepler; halves, Rowland, Taylor, Dawe; quarter, Bradfield; scrimmage, Harvey, Dempster, Vipert; wings, Hogg, McKendrick, Burt, Grey, Cook, Morris.

S.A.C. (22)—Flying wing, Davis; halves, Parker, Wright, McMichael; quarter, Scott; scrimmage, McRae, Willoughby, Stonehouse; wings, Trow, Wallace, Soot, McLennan, Cassels, Brown.

H. S. L.

ST. ANDREW'S VS. RIDLEY.

On Saturday, November 8th, the last and deciding game for the championship took place on the College campus between Ridley and St. Andrew's.

The day was not at all suitable for football, as it had rained the previous night and for the most part of the game, only stopping at the end of the third quarter. A light breeze blew up the field, but not heavy enough to be of any great advantage.



A Hint or Two

As both teams had easily disposed of Upper Canada and Trinity College, it was a life-and-death struggle for the championship. Ridley had the edge on St. Andrew's in speed, their half-line being of exceptionally good variety, but, owing to the day, were unable to show any great amount, except at intervals. St. Andrew's had it over Ridley in wing line and kicking; otherwise the teams were evenly matched.

Ridley won the toss and decided to defend the south goal, having advantage of the light breeze blowing in the first and third quarters. Willoughby started the game by kicking off to Marani, who returned. St. Andrew's resorted to wing bucks and McLennan got away for a good ten yards, but next down St. Andrew's lost ball on interference. Marani kicked on first down; again St. Andrew's lost on interference. Then, by a piece of fine playing, Gordon circled the end for the first tally, securing a touch-down, which was easily converted from a difficult angle by Mix.—B.R.C., 6; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's kicked off and it was again returned by Ridley. McLennan, for the second time, gained yards on his bucking, and again St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference. Ridley took the ball up the field, and Marani kicked over Leishman's head to the dead line and scored a couple of minutes after by a touch-in-goal.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 0.

St. Andrew's came to life now and by repeated bucking and good runs by Brown and Wright took the ball well down into Ridley's territory. St. Andrew's wings broke through and blocked Marani's kick, which Cassells secured and went over for a try, which was not converted, as the ball hit the crossbar.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 5. Play resumed; St. Andrew's forced Ridley, but lost on forward pass. On College's next down Cassells got away for 30 yards, soon after which first quarter ended.

Second quarter began with the ball at centre. Ridley forced the ball up into St. Andrew's ground, but Wright relieved the situation by kicking out of danger. Then St. Andrew's being off-side twice, Ridley took the ball up the field. By hard playing St. Andrew's forced it back, being considerably helped by a run from McMichael. The quarter ended a few minutes after with the ball in Ridley's possession on their 5-yard line. No score this quarter.—B.R.C., 8; S.A.C., 5.

Marani kicked off to Wright and St. Andrew's began to rush things, but lost the ball on interference. Ridley then forced the play back into St. Andrew's territory, but a fine run by Leishman and a beautiful kick by Wright gave St. Andrew's another point for touch-in-goal. Ridley then took the ball up the field and succeeded in getting a rouge.—B.R.C., 9; S.A.C., 6.

Play was fairly even at this point of the game, both teams playing excellent football, with St. Andrew's playing the hardest. St.

Andrew's forced play to within five yards of Ridley's line, but failed to go over and Ridley kicked out of danger. McMichael then ran for forty yards and on Ridley's next down St. Andrew's got a safety touch.—B.R.C., 9; S.A.C., 8. A few minutes after play was called for the third quarter with St. Andrew's in possession on their 25-yard line.

Third quarter began with Ridley in the lead, but St. Andrew's fought hard and completely outplayed Ridley. Time and again St. Andrew's bucks gained, and Ridley could not hold the onrush of the determined Saints. In fact they were practically invincible in this quarter, scoring seven points to Ridley's nil. This quarter also showed the better team and who most deserved the championship. In less than five minutes Soot bucked over for a try, which was not converted.—S.A.C., 13; B.R.C., 9. Still St. Andrew's were not satisfied and played harder and in a few minutes had notched another point in a rouge.—S.A.C., 14; B.R.C., 9. Ridley tried to come back and forced St. Andrew's down the field into their ground, but College forced them back. Four minutes before time St. Andrew's got another point by touch-in-goal.—S.A.C., 15; B.R.C., 9. A few minutes later time was called and St. Andrew's won the game and championship.

'Tis with the greatest of difficulty that one is able to pick out the stars of such a game. Each man on the field played excellent. For Ridley it was easily seen that Marani, Drope and Gordon played by far the best game on their team. Time and again they would gain yards on end runs, which would only be lost by the St. Andrew's heavy wing bucks.

On St. Andrew's team the work of Wright, Scott, Cassells and Brown was excellent. Wright caught and kicked splendidly, although handicapped by a wet and heavy ball. Scott, at quarter, played finely, his passing and tackling being splendid. Cassells and Brown, although being at a disadvantage by the muddy ground, quickly followed up the long kicks of Wright, and with unerring tackles got their man every time. Davis at flying wing was fast, being sure and steady throughout the game. The teams:

Ridley (9)—Flying wing, Turnbull; halves, Drope, A. Gordon, Marani; quarter, Mix; scrimmage, Morton, Irwin, Boyd; wings, Nicholson, Peters, D. Gordon, Manley, Weld, Sneed.

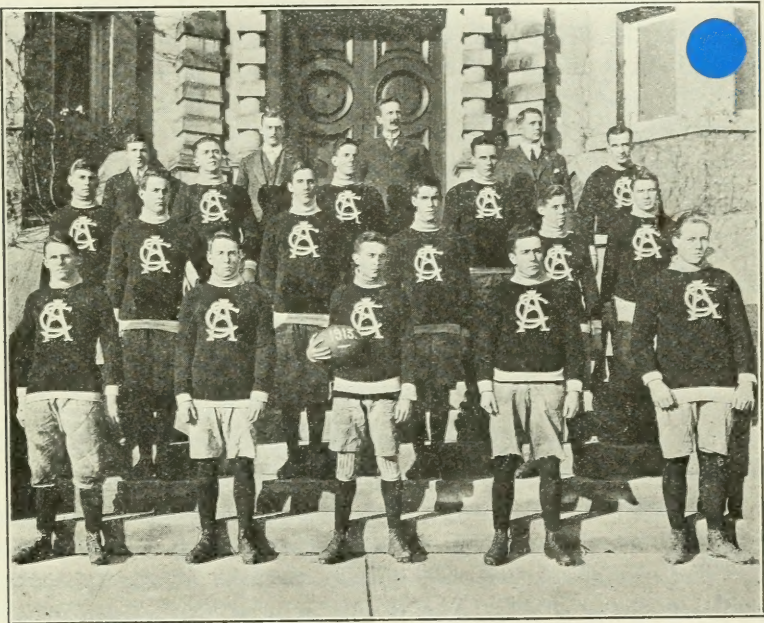
St. Andrew's (15)—Flying wing, Davis; halves, Leishman,

Wright, McMichael; quarter, Scott; scrimmage, Willoughby, Soot, Stonehouse; wings, McRae, Ingram, McLennan, Wallace, Cassells, Brown.

H. S. L.

THE SECOND TEAM

The Second Team has had an unusually successful season this year under the able captaincy of Findley I., having won all of their games.



Second Team.

The first game was played against Pickering College at Newmarket and ended in a win for St. Andrew's. S.A.C., 33; P.C., 1.

The second game, versus U.C.C., took place on our own grounds. The teams were very evenly matched as to size and weight, but the home team's condition and speed told all through the game. Cossitt's kicking and Brown II.'s bucking were the outstanding features. The rest of the team played their places well, and there is no doubt the splendid victory won was due to that fact more than to any individual play. Score: S.A.C., 24; U.C.C., 1.

When the team went down to T.C.S. they found a team nearly their equals. The game was close throughout and some very fine playing was shown. Ings and Cossitt should be especially mentioned for their splendid work; the latter's kicking accounting for most of the points. Duncan scored the only touchdown. At full-time the score was twelve all. Two five-minute periods were played overtime, resulting in a deadline for S.A.C. Final score: S.A.C., 13; T.C.S., 12.

The team would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks to Grant I. for his untiring efforts throughout the season.

On Wednesday evening, November 27th, 1913, a dinner was given for the Second Team by Mr. and Mrs. Findley. We wish here to thank them, on behalf of every member of the team, for the very good time they gave us, and we hope that next year's Second Team will have as kind a host and hostess.

The following have been granted Second Team colors: Rolph I., Cossitt, Stuckey, Findley I. (captain), Whitaker I., Mickleborough, Taylor II., Philips, Ings, Brown II., Leeson, Whitaker II., Wilson, Paterson, and Duncan.

K. G. M.

THE THIRD TEAM

This season the Third Team has been very successful. The team work accounted for the large scores in each game.

The matches played resulted as follows: S. A. C. 13, Technical I; S.A.C. 40, Jarvis 5; S.A.C. 18, Technical 6; S.A.C. 15, U.C.C. 1. The last match was undoubtedly the best of all, the score at half-time being 1—1. The Saints showed their superiority in the last half.

The following boys received colors: MacDougall, Crombie, Clare, Bennett I., Risteen, Johnston I., Smith I., Urquhart, Balfour I., Horn, Taylor I., Douglas, MacPherson and MacMurtry.

Much credit is due to Rankin for his capable management of the team throughout the season.

E. S. CAMPBELL (Capt.).

THE FOURTH TEAM

The Fourth Team this year had a most successful season, winning every one of their games.

Our first opponents were St. Clement's First, whom we met and defeated on their own grounds. This game was by far the most strenuous and the best fought of the season. The score at half-time was 17—7 in their favor; but by good bucking and strong running of the halves in the second half we soon overcame their lead, and when the whistle blew the score was 28—18 in our favor.

The second game was against Oakwood, whom we easily defeated, as they were very light, and our bucks went through for good gains every time. We won by 30—0.

Our next opponents were a scratch team of U.T.S., whom we defeated by 25—0; and we finished up the season by beating St. Clement's in the return game on our own grounds by 28—12.

The following received Fourth Team colors: Halves, Winter I., Moseley, Munn I.; flying wing, McTaggart; quarter, Galbraith (capt.); scrumage, Balfour I., Lowndes, Macdonald I.; insides, Cameron and Rose; middles, Lepper and Comstock; outsides, Rolph II. and MacDougal.

P. V. M.

THE FIFTH TEAM

The Fifth Team played two games against a team of St. Clement's School, losing the first by 23—5, and winning the return on St. Andrew's grounds by 13—0. The line-up was as follows: Comstock, quarter; Smith III., Meyer, Calvert I., halves; McDonald II. (Capt.), outside left; Harrison, Tugwell, Engle, McLaurin, Wright II., scrumage; Davies, flying wing; Wright III., outside right; Bennett II., inside left; Donaldson (manager), inside right; Grant II., quarter.

LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

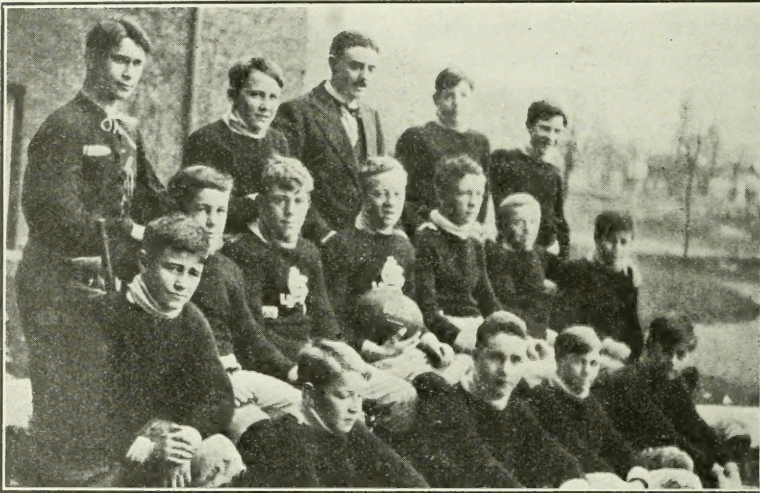
The Lower School was not as successful as it has been in previous years, but we had to play much heavier teams, with the exception of one.

Of the four games played we won one, drew one and lost two.

Our first game was with Rosedale. S.A.C. were a much superior team, and won by a score of 59—0.

The second game was by no means as successful as the first, St. Clement's, who were the visitors, being far too heavy for us. They won by 82 to 4, Winter II. and Blayney being the Stars.

The third of our games was with Upper Canada College. During the first quarter Upper Canada secured two touchdowns. Then St. Andrew's boys pulled together and tied the score during the last quarter. Considering that one of our best half-backs was laid out in the first game, the Saints did fairly well to tie the



Lower School Team

score, 18—18. Had it not been for Winter's good rushing and Blayney's tackling the score would have been different.

The fourth and last game was with Upper Canada on their own grounds. It was a very close match during the first half, but afterwards they scored upon the Saints freely. The game ended in a defeat for St. Andrew's, with the score at 34 to 3.

The line-up is as follows: Half-backs, Winter II. (Manager), Atkinson, Somers I; quarter-back, Davis II. (Capt.); outside wings, Easson, Auld; flying wing, Hewitt; scrimmage, Blayney, Turnbull; middle wings, Lazier, Calvert II.; inside wings, Cross, Lawson; centre, Stonehouse.

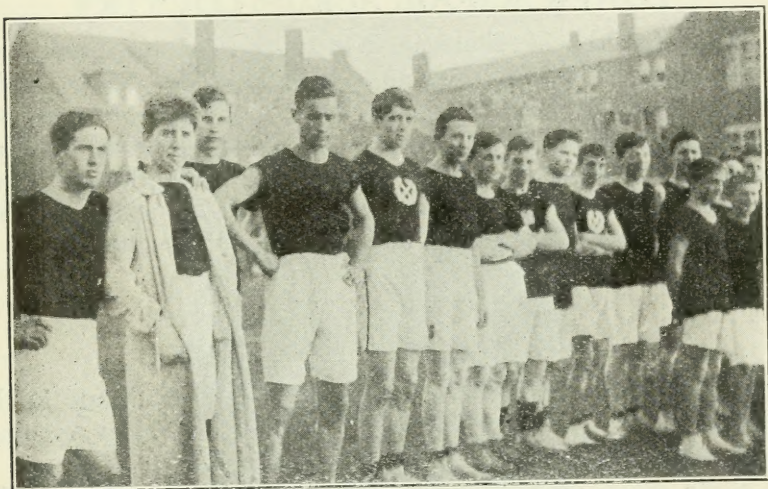
L. S. DAVIS.

ACROSS-COUNTRY RUN

The annual S.A.C. Across-Country Run took place on Thursday, November 20th, 1913.

Thirty entries were received and a close finish was anticipated. The contestants lined up at the rear entrance of the grounds, the word was given and the race commenced.

The rain of the previous day had left the course in a rather muddy condition,—a fact which told somewhat on the time.



Across Country. The Winner is Marked With
a Line on His "Shorts"

Phillips sprang at once into the lead, but soon was forced to follow Skinner. The latter kept to the front for some time, but condition told and Brown's long strides soon placed him in the lead, which he maintained to the finish. He covered the distance in 20 minutes, 10 seconds, and led by fifty yards. Johnston I. came second and captured the silver medal. The struggle for third place was the most exciting, as Wright and Parker sprinted side by side for 100 yards. The former succeeded in crossing the tape six inches in advance of his rival.

The first ten finished as follows: 1, Brown I.; 2, Johnston; 3, Wright; 4, Parker; 5, Scott; 6, Rolph I.; 7, Stuckey; 8, Ings; 9, Bell; 10, McTaggart.

The cake winners: First Team, Parker; Second Team, Rolph I.; Upper VI. Form, Findley; Lower VI. Form, Stuckey; Fifth Form, Scott; IV. A Form, Rolph II.; IV. B Form, Smith III.; III. Form, Meyer; Prefects, Leckie I.; Upper Flat, Ings; Lower Flat, Skinner.

Gold Medal, Brown I.; Silver Medal, Johnston I.; Bronze Medal, Wright I.

LOWER SCHOOL ACROSS-COUNTRY

The afternoon of Thursday, November 20th, was bright, but cold, when the runners lined up at the rear of the College, under the direction of Mr. Chapman. The usual course was finished by Turnbull first, in 18 minutes, 25 seconds, followed by Macdonald III., Blayney, Lines, Auld, Atkinson, Cross, Easson, Findlay and Lockhart; to name the first ten. Turnbull and Macdonald received medals; cakes fell to the lot of some of the others.

THE FOOTBALL DINNER

What was probably the most successful football dinner in the history of St Andrew's College took place on Friday evening, November 28th, 1913.

Sixty guests were present, among them six ex-captains. Mr. T. Findley was the guest-of-honor of the evening. The spacious dining hall was fittingly decorated for the occasion with flags and pennants hung about on the walls; the tables were adorned with crimson candles and white asters and narcissus; and a cheery fire blazed in the huge fireplace. But perhaps the most pleasing ornament to all present was the flowered stand holding the three footballs—the emblem of championship.

Dinner was served at 7.30 p.m. and after a sumptuous spread had been disposed of, Dr. MacDonald, as toastmaster, rose and called upon the guests for a health to the King. All joined in singing "God Save the King." "Canada" was then proposed by Cantley and responded to by MacPherson, as president of the Old Boys Association. Mr. Findley then rose and in a very witty speech proposed a toast to St. Andrew's College. He spoke of the adaptability of this style of school to Canada as the coming

country and extended his hearty congratulations to the teams. The toast was drunk and responded to by Dr. Hamilton, as the oldest governor present.

Travis, in a few words, spoke of the work of the staff, and on behalf of the school welcomed the new members. He finished by proposing their health. Mr. Robinson, as senior master, responded fittingly and thanked the school for their good will.

Mr. M. Ross proposed the toast to the Athletic Association and Mr. Tudball, as president, responded. Dr. MacDonald then spoke of the physical condition of the boys and asked for a few words



Magnates of the Lower School

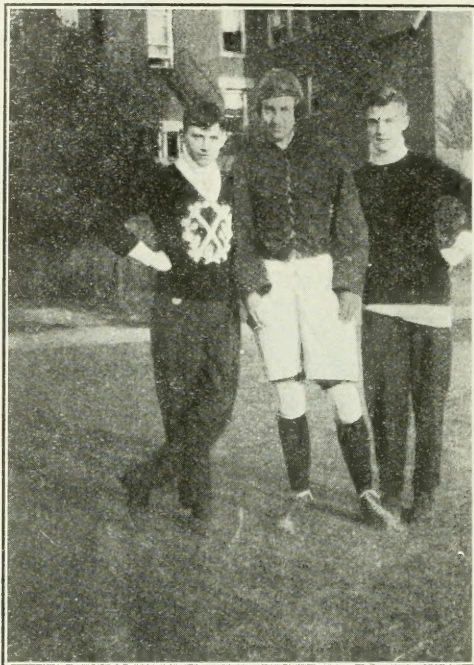
from the man responsible for it,—Mr. Chapman.* The latter spoke briefly of the value of physical fitness and pointed as a result to the trophy.

Coach Herb. Allan proposed a health to the team, congratulating them on their successes and on their good fortune in being so ably captained. He spoke of the school's remarkable achievements in past years and her bright hopes for the future.

Wright responded briefly, reflecting all the credit upon Allan, Ross and Mr. Chapman, as well as on the harmony in which the team played.

Mr. McPherson took this opportunity of presenting to the team, on behalf of the Old Boys, watch fobs emblematic of the football championship. Allan was also presented with one as a recognition of his untiring efforts in coaching the champions.

Trow rose and proposed a toast to the "best Second Team in the history of the school." Findley I. and Grant I. replied, and



A Little Fellow Like This Needs Some Support

stated that what the Second Team had done in assisting the First was a pleasure to have performed.

Dr. MacDonald made a few remarks on the way in which the Seconds had sacrificed their arrangements to suit the Firsts, and had worked untiringly in practice. He also stated that the Firsts had shown their appreciation by purchasing from their own pockets fobs for the Seconds.

Wright proposed a toast to the "Old Captains,"—responded to in turn by Housser, Sale, Allan, Hope, Kilgour and Somerville. All gave the credit to Allan and Wright.

Hatch proposed the "Cross Country"—responded to by Brown I., the winner.

"The Ladies" was proposed by Davis I. and responded to by Leekie I.

Dr. MacDonald spoke a word about hockey prospects and called on the guests to drink to Canada's most popular game. Mr. Whiteford Bell responded and stated his pleasure in consenting to coach the Saints for 1914.

The college calls were given and the festivities came to a conclusion.

W. F. GRANT.

MR. WRIGHT'S DINNER

On Friday evening, November 27th, Mr. Henry Wright entertained the 1st Team, champions of the Little Big Four League, at a dinner and theatre party. The dinner was held at the National Club, and was in every way a great success. The table was prettily decorated with great vases of flowers, and down the centre in College colors was printed "St. Andrew's, '13."

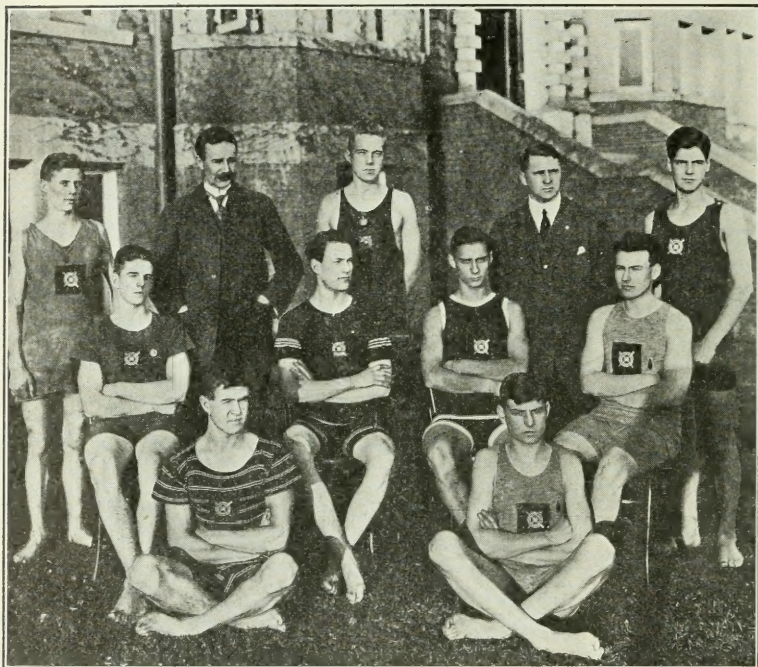
Mr. Wright proved a genial host and soon had everybody at their ease, his clever stories and brilliant conversation being enjoyed by all. After dinner Mr. Wright showed the team through the club rooms, which were greatly admired, and at eight o'clock the party adjourned to Shea's, where the boys enjoyed an excellent performance.

Before leaving for the College Mr. Wright was thanked for his kindness, and it was agreed by every one that the evening had been the *event* of the term.

THE LIFE SAVING CLASS

The first Life Saving Class of S.A.C. was started on the first of April. This is affiliated with the Royal L. S. S., of London, England. Mr. Chapman acted as supervisor and Davis I. as instructor. Every noon the class turned out in the College gymnasium for practice in Land Drills, and every Saturday morning they went down to Varsity tank to practise in the water. This work was continued for about two months, and the examinations

were held on June 13th, 1913. Every one in the class made good, and showed his ability to render aid to the drowning in any case. The examination comprised the Land Drills; swimming fifty yards on the back without the hands, and 100 yards on the breast; towing by four different methods, and combining these with the three of release; the Shæfer method of resuscitation; and duck diving for an object not over five pounds in weight. There were twenty-



The Life Saving Class

one awards in all, nine medallions, ten proficiency certificates, and one honorary instructor's certificate.

Those who passed the examinations were: *Medallions*—Leishman I., Lockhart I., Ings, Willoughby, Wright I., Brown II., Whitaker I., Whitaker II., Davis I.; *Proficiencies*—Leishman I., Lockhart I., Ings, Willoughby, Wright I., Brown II., Whitaker I., Whitaker II., Beer; *Honorary Instructor's Certificate*—Davis I.

R. D. DAVIS, JR.

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The prospect for the coming hockey season is most encouraging. We are fortunate in having three old colors with us again this season, also several of last year's Second Team men, who will make a strong bid for the septette. These with the amount of new material available should give us an excellent chance of putting on one of the strongest aggregations in the School's history.

We are also very fortunate in having one of our Old Boys, Mr. Whiteford Bell's, consent to again coach the team. Along with Mr. Bell, the services of Mr. Chapman, our Gymnasium Instructor, have been secured as trainer, his wide experience making him second to none in this work.

With all these advantages we cannot but feel that our hockey prospect for 1914 is an exceptionally bright one.

R. HATCH.

CADET CORPS

The Cadet Corps for this year, although late in starting, has every prospect of being a very good one. Sergt. Sinclair, who will again have charge of the instruction, is very anxious to make a good showing in the Cadet Tournament, and as all the boys are keen, this should be a very successful year.

The following are the officers for 1913-14: Captain, H. R. L. Wright; 1st Lieutenant, R. A. Brown; 2nd Lieutenant, H. Leckie; Color-Sergt., D. Cantley; Sergts., R. D. Davis, Jr., T. I. Findley and R. Hatch.

R. A. B.

SCHOOL NOTES

The following have joined the school staff this term:

Upper School—J. D. Dett-Weiler, M.A., Queen's University, Kingston; L. W. H. Ralph, B.A. (late Classical Exhibitioner, Merton Coll., Oxford).

Lower School—F. W. Hadland, B.A. (Oxon.); W. D. Clayton, B.A. (Dunelm).

On the evening of November 22nd., Dr. Macdonald, the Head-Master, had the pleasure of meeting at dinner at the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, many of the St. Andrew's College Old Boys at present residing in that city. The following Old Boys were present: J. R. Allen, L. C. Angstrom, A. L. Bell, S. C. Black, H. A. Johnston, G. L. MacGillivray, H. P. MacKeen, W. B. McTaggart, D. L. Macaulay, W. D. Matheson, L. C. Montgomery, E. Munn, E. H. Paisley, D. Ross, G. A. Towers, C. L. Waterous, F. H. Wilkes.

In the same number that gives an account of our regaining the "Little Big-Four's" trophy, it is with the very greatest pleasure that we are able to record the election of Ernest H. Paisley to the position of captain of the McGill team, and to him we wish to convey the heartiest congratulations of the whole school and all its well-wishers. He was captain of the First Rugby team, 1909—champions "Little Big-Four."

At the time of going to press the school soccer tournament is nearing its end, and there seems every probability of the championship being carried off by Mr. Tudball's team. We are playing eleven a side this year, and the competition has been very keen. It is to our infinite regret that we are unable to publish a snapshot of one of the games; no kodak shutter has yet been made fast enough to catch the frantic gyrations of the contending hordes.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

Since the publication of the Mid-Summer Number of the REVIEW, the following Old Boys have replied to the Headmaster's circular letter sent out last April:

Anderson, George William.—Practising medicine, 55 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.

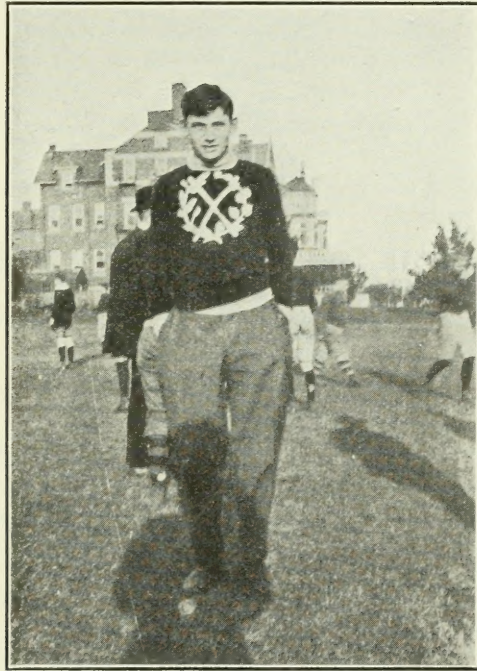
Ault, A. Donald.—A. W. Ault Co., Ltd., Ottawa.

Cochrane, Ogden Dunlap.—Undergrad. Univ. of Toronto, Roxborough Apartments, Ottawa.

Cousins, Edward L.—Chief Engineer, Toronto Harbor Commissioners, 32 Laburnam Ave., Toronto.

Edmonds, C. S.—Christie Brown & Co. 34 Crescent Road, Toronto.

- Fleming, Donald William.—Dominion Bank. Winnipeg, Man.
 Fletcher, A. Almon.—Physician. 532 Huron St., Toronto.
 Follett, Frank R.—Follett & Cox, Cor. Yonge and Bloor Sts.,
 Toronto.
 Gooderham, Grant A.—Undergrad. Appl. Sc., Toronto. 40 Madison Ave., Toronto.
 Hoeffler, Ian W.—Canada Mfg. Co., 1836 Grant St., Vancouver, B.C.



A New Boy

- McColl, Angus Evan.—Barrister-at-law, Corbould, Grant & McColl, 41 Blackwood St., New Westminster, B.C.
 McCullough, R. C.—Undergrad., Queen's University. Markdale, Ont.
 McLagan, P. Douglas.—Kilgard Fire Clay Co., Abbotsford, B.C.
 McTavis, W. I.—Asst. Engineer, Public Works, Canada. 755 Indian Road, Toronto.
 Mackay, Wm. Perry.—Student-at-law, Simcoe, Ont.
 MacKeen, Henry P.—Undergrad. (Arts), McGill. Halifax, N.S.

- Meldrum, Harold W.—Real estate. 610 Confederation Life Bldg., Toronto.
- Milligan, Frank S.—Assistant City Engineer, Saskatoon, Sask.
- Nicol, H. L.—Inland Coal and Coke Co., Merritt, B.C.
- O'Brian, C. Lewis.—Attending school at Williamstown. L'Orignal, Ont.
- Robertson, Fred. A.—Canada Cement Co. 492 Euclid Ave., Toronto.
- Sanderson, Allan U.—Assistant Engineer, Works Dept. 31 Alvin Ave., Toronto.
- Scott, Douglas S.—Undergrad. (Science), McGill (until June, 1913). 1770 Nelson St., Vancouver, B.C.
- Shaw, Chas. E.—Anglo-Canadian Leather Goods Co., Huntsville, Ont.
- Smith, James Russell.—Farming (with Douglas Bros.), Tealandia, Sask.
- Thompson, Frank H.—Canadian Klondyke Mining Co., Dawson City, Yukon.
- Vaz, Claude L.—International Banking Corp., Colon, Republic de Panama.
- Wallace, Guy H.—Pathologist, Bellevue Hospital, E. 26th St., New York City.
- West, Howard T.—J. J. Taylor, Ltd. (Safe Works). 29 Castle Frank Road, Toronto.
- Young, J. W.—Chainman on C.P.R. Survey. Agassiz, B.C.

During the last few months the marriages of the following Old Boys have been reported to the REVIEW:

Andrew E. Duncanson to Miss A. E. Colhoun, Alt-on-Righ, Londonderry, Ireland, Sept. 3rd, 1913.

J. Lesslie Fergusson to Miss Florence G. Bowes, Toronto, June 3rd, 1913.

Lyman P. Howe to Miss Rita Dunbar, Toronto, on Nov. 12th, 1913.

James P. MacNeil to Miss Dwyer, Pictou, N.S., on Sept. 17th, 1913.

Guy H. Wallace to Miss Ethel E. Lawrence, Park Hill, Yonkers, N.Y., on Nov. 18th, 1913.

Howard Thos. West to Miss Grace B. Kent, Toronto, on May 13th, 1913.

We are glad to be able to publish a portrait of Roy H. M. Lowndes, with the trophy he won for swimming across the Bay, first. Below is a list of his principal achievements:

1911, 1912, 1913.—I.A.A. Regatta Senior Swim, 1st.

1912—100 yds. City Championship, 1st.



Roy Lowndes

1912—100 yds. open, at Canadian National Exhibition, 1st.

1913—100 yds. City Championship, 1st.

1913—220 yds. City Championship, 1st.

1913—50 yds. on back, open, 2nd.

1913—100 yds. tank championship of Toronto Swimming Club,
1st.

1913—100 yds. open at Toronto Swimming Club, 1st.

1913—Swim across Toronto Bay, 1st.

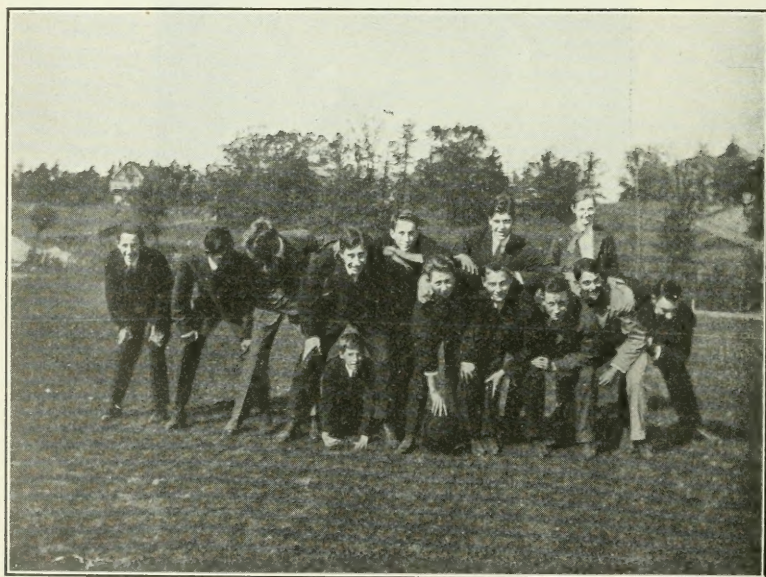
1913—100 yds. open at I.A.A. Regatta. Tie with F. Wood. 1st.

1913—100 yds. open at C.N.E. Tie with F. Wood. 1st.

1913—220 yds. open, at Buffalo, 2nd. Buffalo Y.M.C.A. in May.

1913—50 yds. open handicap, 2nd at Buffalo, Perry Centennial in September.

1913—200 yds. open handicap, 2nd at Buffalo, Perry Centennial in September.



The Line Up at Lunch Time

THE OLD BOYS' REPRESENTATION ON THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS
OF ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE.

The reorganization of the government of the school has made it possible for the Old Boys to secure direct representation on the Board of Governors. The St. Andrew's College Old Boys' Association now elects three Governors who sit for two years. At the election held in June, 1912, Mr. J. L. Fergusson, Mr. W. B. McPherson, and Mr. H. W. Allen were elected.

**ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE BOYS WHO HAVE
DIED SINCE THEIR NAMES WERE EN-
TERED ON THE SCHOOL ROLL**

- Angus, Douglas T.—August, 1912.
Armstrong, Russell—July, 1907.
Austin, Albert E.—February 14th, 1913.
Bollard, Arthur—August 28th, 1909.
Bowman, Elmer S.—October 2nd, 1906.
Carrick, Andrew W.—August 5th, 1910.
Findlay, Paul E.—July 18th, 1910.
Gartshore, Chas. M.—October 3rd, 1905.
Gunn, Jas. H.—September 10th, 1910.
Hallam, Roderick J. E.—February, 1913.
Hamilton, Hugh Russell—November 10th, 1910.
Harris, Frank E.—September, 1906.
Hewitt, Arthur I.—June 11th, 1911.
Lee, Norman B.—During the summer, 1908.
Lemon, Ed. D.—January 8th, 1911.
MacMath, Jas. S. M.—During the year of 1909.
Mickleborough, Jos. B.—During the year of 1901.
Ross-Ross, Erroll—December 15th, 1903.
Sumner, George J.—May 8th, 1912.
Willmott, Everitt—April 7th, 1913.
Young, John F.—July, 1911.
Thorn, Jno. Reginald—June 21st, 1910.
Cooper, Donald R. M.—October 30th, 1913.

SOCIETY NOTES

A charming tango tea, under the patronage of His Imperial Highness, Silas and Mr. McDonnell, was given on Friday, Nov. 13th, by Lady de Rick Davis for her charming but unfortunately bow-legged niece, Miss Linsiedia Wright. Miss Wright had the misfortune to fall down stairs while coming home late the other night from a "Liqueur de Pommeranian" party, and broke her spinal colodophorm. Happily she has recovered, but the accident has knocked her face out of joint. Still her friends consider this more of an improvement than a misfortune. Among those present was Miss Hammy Wallace, wearing a crème de mint, chow chow,



**"Something Attempted, Something Done," Has Earned
a Little Lunch**

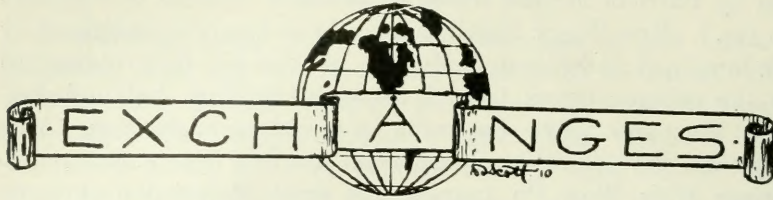
harem skirt; over her left shoulder she carried a sack-full of bull rushes and perfuming William. Miss Buttry Brown poured water (all over the floor) and wore a gauze necklace and Lady de Rick's slippers. Mdlle. Tiffenra de Runt gave an exhibition of the "harem glide," "kitchen sink," and "Persian rug," and numerous other creations. She wore a chemille-de-stomacher gown trimmed with neck ties and other junk. Lady Constance Pansy Travis posed for a flashlight photo, but unfortunately some vermin in the audience threw a shoe at her, causing her to fall and show her mean disposition. Refreshments were forced on the party under pro-

test by Patricia McRae, whose dress was a creation of "pyjama au jus." Mrs. Buggy Hatch sang and was heartily condemned by the large and unfortunate audience. A play was then commenced by the college players from Leaside-near-the-Don, but unfortunately the party broke up, owing to a serious misfortune. Miss Linscedia Wright, whose engagement has just been announced to Prince Wow Wow Pu Ingram, the great Mahometan explorer, was found to have eaten $\frac{7}{8}$ of the refreshments, and Miss Buttry Brown protested. A friendly tussle ensued. Miss Brown bit Miss Wright's ear, and the former's necklace was torn, exposing her to a severe draught. The rest of the party helped out their respective choices by throwing chairs, boots, tables, trunks, etc. Altogether a very enjoyable evening was spent, and Miss Wright hopes to give another one soon, when she will introduce Prince Wow Wow Pu Ingram.

MIKE.



Keeping His Weight Down



School Magazine, Lower Canada College, Montreal.—An excellent example of a school paper. Many fine stories, poems and interesting articles. Very well gotten up.

The Calendar, Buffalo Central High School.—A very fine paper with plenty of school news.

T. C. S. Record, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.—Could be improved with a few more pictures of college life.

The Maverick, Allen Academy, Texas.—A welcome addition to our exchange list.

The Scotch Collegian, Scotch College, Australia.—A fine, large paper with a lot of school news and also some very good poetry and pictures.

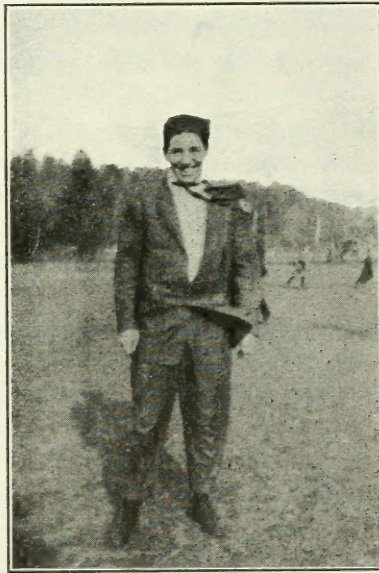
The Daedalian Monthly, College of Industrial Arts, Texas.—A very good paper which would be still more attractive with some college "cuts."

The Quill, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York.—Congratulations on your excellent paper. Splendid articles, but not much school news. A few pictures of school subjects would make it a splendid paper.

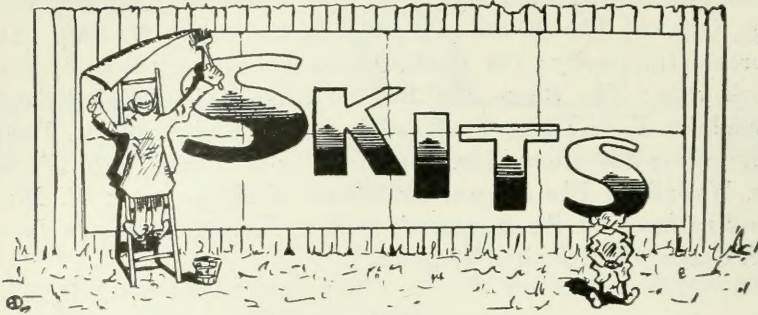
The following excellent exchanges have been received with thanks: *The Daedalian Monthly* (2), College of Industrial Arts, Texas; *The Scotch Collegian* (2), Scotch College, Australia; *The Maverick*, Allen Academy, Texas; *School Magazine*, Lower Canada College, Montreal; *T. C. S. Record*, Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.; *The Calendar*, Central High School, Buffalo, N.Y.; *Lux Columbiana* (2), Columbian College, New Westminster, B.C.; *Boone Review* (2), Boone University, Wuchang, China; *Magazine* (3), Bishop Bethune College, Oshawa, Ont.; *The Argo and Supplement*, Rutgers Preparatory School, New Brunswick, N.J.; *The Albanian* (2), St. Alban's, Brockville, Ont.; St. Jerome's College, Berlin, Ont.; *Alt-Heidelberg*, Heidelberg College, Heidelberg, Germany; *Black and Red* (2), University School, Victoria, B.C.; *Blue and White*, Rothesay

Collegiate School, Rothesay, N.B.; *The Ashburian*, Ashbury College, Ottawa; *The School* (4), and *The University Monthly* (3), Toronto University; *The Quill*, Alcuin Preparatory School, New York City; *The Black and Red* (2), McKinley High School, Honolulu, T. H.; *The St. Thomas Purple and Gray*, St. Paul, Minnesota; *The Round-Up*, Converse County High School, Douglas, Wyoming; *The Slogan*, Branksome Hall, Toronto; *St. Margaret's Chronicle*, St. Margaret's College, Toronto; *Queen's Journal*, Queen's University, Kingston.

C. P. C.



"Scotty"



Bennet I. (shaving for the first time)—“See how easily the razor glides over my face, as if there was nothing to stop it.”

McRae to McDougal—“What are you writing, youngster?”

McD.—“I am writing down the names of the fellows I can fight.”

McR.—“I see my name is the first on the list. You can't fight me.”

McD.—“Can't I? Very well, I will cross out your name.”

Wallace (restoring order during Duty)—“Come on now, Dunc!”

Duncan—“All right. Where are you going?”

Mr. Ralph to Syme—“Move one seat forward.”

Syme—“What for, Sir?”

Mr. Ralph—“For ever.”

Why is a boy who is late for dinner like the Nurse? One is Mrs. Grace and the other misses grace, too.

Munn II., seeing Rugby for the first time: “What a lot of fuss those fellows make over an out-of-shape Soccer ball.”

Mr. Tudball (leaving Class Room I.)—“The next four questions for Home work.”

Rankin—“How many did you say, Sir.”

Mr. Tudball—“The next six questions for Home work.”

Rankin—“Please, Sir, I heard you the first time.”

Skidoo as you would be skidone by.

Mr. Laidlaw—"Yes! and the names of the two leaders of the expedition to Quebec in 1785."

McDougal—"Montgomery and Stone."

The latest Latin verb—Tango tangere turki trottum—to dance furiously.

Mr. Ralph—"You are talking, Skinner."

Skinner—"No, Sir."

Mr. Ralph—"Then it was the best imitation I have ever heard."

The subtleties of English pronunciation as exemplified by Mr. Finlay—"Chorus is not chorus, it is chorus."

Nervous visitor to the school grounds (recently)—"Dear me! there is a riot going on. No! two riots!"

His Guide—"That, Sir, is the Soccer Tournament."

Hints on Soccer—A ball shall be considered to be "in touch" when it has for over three minutes passed a very imaginary line, not further North than the Railway Track, nor further South than the fence will admit.

Forwards should mass on their own, or the opponents' goal line, carefully avoiding the middle of the field. The ball might be there. Do not handle the ball, until it is dark, when the referee is looking.

The costume, for this game, most in vogue, is a taking combination of a soft Christie and a Rugger jersey, with Gym. shoes and any old pair of trousers.

WITH NO APOLOGIES TO THE WALRUS OR THE CARPENTER.

"The time has come," the teacher said, "to talk of many things;
"Of Soot, and whales, and wee McRae, and whether Halves have
wings,

"Of College Yells and fearsome Hoots and how the Choir sings.

"But I was thinking of a plan involving Hours off Leave.

"If told two House Lates make a Gate, d'you think Syme would believe?"

"I doubt it," said the Lower Flat, and chuckled in its sleeve.

SCIENCE NOTES.

5 H L + 6 Hrs work = A beast of a Saturday afternoon.

The Frog (*Batrachus Communis* or *Gardenensis*) has four legs and just loves bath-water.

Experiment—Capture a rabbit by means of an automobile (40 h.p.). When slain, stuff it with red lead. It looks *so* pretty.

Taylor III. (to a facetious farmer)—"Why do you call that white pig 'ink'?"

Farmer—"Because it is always running out of the pen."

Mr. Taylor, in Ancient History—"What was Alexander's purpose?"

Clare—"To spread Greece all over the world."

"Generally speaking, women are——"

"Are what?"

"Generally speaking."

Advice to Day Boys—Don't come to school every day; absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Urquhart—"What have you got that bandage around your head for?"

Soot—"A thought struck me."

Master to boy, with whose coaching he has taken particular pains—"If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest ass in the school."

Davis I. (in Huyler's)—"How much is a Merry Widow Sunday?"

Waiter—"Fifteen cents.

Davis I.—"Well, I'll have a French chocolate."

Mr. M. to Gordon—"What do you mean by holding Phillip's hand?"

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As he banged his shin against the bed—
"!!!! ???? !?! ?!*?!*!"—*Ex.*

Mrs. Montgomery, after giving out the cakes for the Junior Cross Country—"I have a cake for the stewards. I will present it to the best-looking boy." Soot was presented with the cake, much to Davis's discomfort.

Cantley—"If you should see Hatch riding down the road on a donkey, of what would it remind you?"

Lin. Wright—"A fruit."

Don—"What kind?"

Lin.—"A pair."

Scott—"Why is an old bachelor like Johnston?"

Macdonald—"He is never Miss-taken."

Mr. L.—"When was it Patrick Henery said: 'Give me liberty or give me death'?"

Grant I.—"Just after he was married."

Dr. Macdonald, to boy whom he discovers at the wrong desk—"How did you get there?"

Boy—"I got round Mr. Tudball, sir."

Dr. Macdonald—"I am wondering how you got round so square a man."

Yukon Taylor—"Gee! I saw a fellow down at Shea's to-day who played the piano with his toes."

Ings—"That's nothing; Joe Taylor plays by his ear."

Davis I.—"I always mark my books up."

Cantley—"Yes! and mine, too."

HIGHER ALGEBRA.

B =Brown II.

B^2 =Brutus Brown II.

B^3 =Brutus Bernal Brown II.

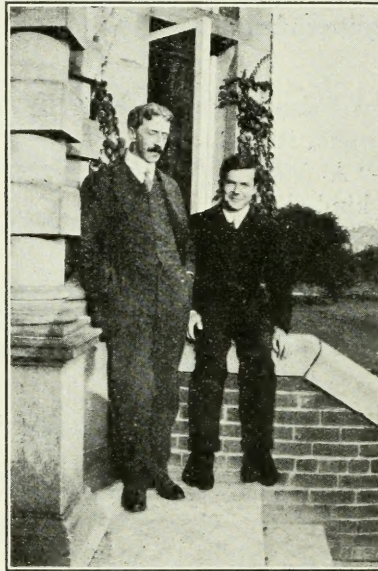
B^4 =Bum Brutus Bernal Brown II.

Similarly it may also be proved that Brown I. also is a bum.

Gordon, to Mr. T.—“Sir, may I be excused?”

Mr. T.—“Certainly not; the same old question.”

Bole—“Yes, sir; and the same old answer.”



Ici on parle francais

Mr. D.—“Graham, what is periodic motion?”

Graham—“A thing that swings the same number of times when it is going fast as when it is going slow.”

Travis—“Are there many buildings in Wallaceburg?”

Stonehouse—“Yes; there are quite a number of stonehouses.”

Mr. R., seeing Cossitt talking at the back of the room—“Here I am at the most important point in the lesson and I am interrupted by a miserable gossip.”

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Teacher—"Tommy, name the zones."

Tommy—"There are two kinds of zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine are both temperate and intemperate. The feminine are both frigid and horrid.—*Ex.*

Oh! that Burbank of the West,
Would patent, make and sell
An onion with an onion taste,
But with a violet smell.

Oily to bed and oily to rise is the fate of a man when an auto he buys.

Mr. F., to Mr. M.—"Have you any Lamb's 'Tales'?"

Mr. Mills—"You will have to see the steward."

Mr. McG., in 5th Form, to Rogers—"Davis, translate the next sentence."

New Boy—"Gee! the game must be nearly over."

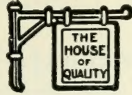
Second Boy—"Yes! I heard the referee say this was the last down."

Mr. D., in Lab.—"This gas smells like rotten eggs."

Dand.—"Yes! we recognize the smell."

If you think our paper splendid,
From beginning unto end,
Then we've won the goal we sought for,
And perhaps we've won a friend.

If you think our paper rotten,
And should be upon the shelf;
Just you get around and hustle,
And try to edit one yourself.—*Ex.*



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THE ODES OF HORACE—BOOK IV.

'Twas on the Ides of November when St. Andrew, calling
Around him, his noble warriors, spoke thus:

On the morrow thou wilt meet the barbarians from St. Kitts;
Rest in peace my sons, and break not training or you'll get sacked.

And in the night there appeared unto him who led the forces
The shade of a mighty one who had departed from these shores,

And he was clothed in fire and brimstone and smoke reeked
From his mouth. He spake and said: "I am Ginger Paisley,

And hearken unto my words: If on the morrow thou
Dost not lick the spots off these blokes, I will raise——"

On the morrow, he who led the warriors arose from his
Most unheathenishly hard couch, refreshed in body but worried
in mind.

He called his councillors around him and spake inquiringly:
"Who was this man, this famous leader surnamed Ginger?"

Then stepped forward an old man who had seen many years
Of life and whose wisdom all men revered. "Speak, O Pat!"

Then spoke Pat, saying: "O King, Ginger did clean the earth
With U.C.C., did pulverize T.C.S., and did paralyze B.R.C. with
his doughty blows."

And the leader of the warriors was much impressed.
Girding on his armour and knee-pads, he went forth.

And the rest of the gang did likewise, and drew
Themselves up in a hollow square to hear what was to be said.

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Think This Over, Men and Boys !

After a short but fervent prayer to the gods, Soot, a doughty Youth, smote the ball a mighty whack and the battle was on.

Sing, ye bards who are versed in learning, of the
Glories, heartaches and lost money of that famous day.

The battle waged merrily. The barbarians did buck
With such good will, and the gods being with them, scored a touch.

With what wailing and gnashing of teeth we received this news.
The leader of the warriors spoke briefly, touching slightly on
family history.

Thus enraged, the warriors returned to the battle. Slight
Success rewarded their standards, but the gods were agin 'em.

But after the time of rest had passed, Soot having been
Offered as a sacrifice, the warriors did push, pound and shove.

At last their efforts were rewarded. Soot, the heretofore men-
tioned,
Did cross the line with the ball wrapped in the capacious folds of
his stomach.

From henceforth on the warriors had them on toast and by the will
Of the gods and the right leg of Henry Robert they held them.

At last, broken and defeated, the barbarians withdrew to their
Sorrowing camp, leaving the victorious warriors to rest on their
shields;

And great was the rejoicing thereof, and even unto
This day they speak of the valor and glory of Andy's great team,

And the great captain who led his forces so successfully
Against the barbarians of the outside world.

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A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics: "Why at your age George Washington was a surveyor."

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and at your age he was President of the United States."

To solve Geometry exercises apply to Soot.

A chap by the name of Smith has invented a calendar in which no holidays fall on Sunday. He has the right idea; hope he keeps it up.

Mr. F.—"What is a parasite?"

Parker—"A person that lives in Paris."

"Well, I saw my wife off for the West Indies this morning."

"Jamaica?"

"No! she went of her own accord."—*Ex.*

Davis II.—"My hands are as dirty after washing them as they were before."

Mr. Hadland—"Try soap."

Brown, to Hatch—"How did you get that scratch on your nose?"

Hatch—"Ran into a barb-wire fence."

Brown—"You should never fight with a barb-wire fence. It can beat you on points."

Findley has developed a steady eye and long arm since he became a boarder. This is noticeable at the table.

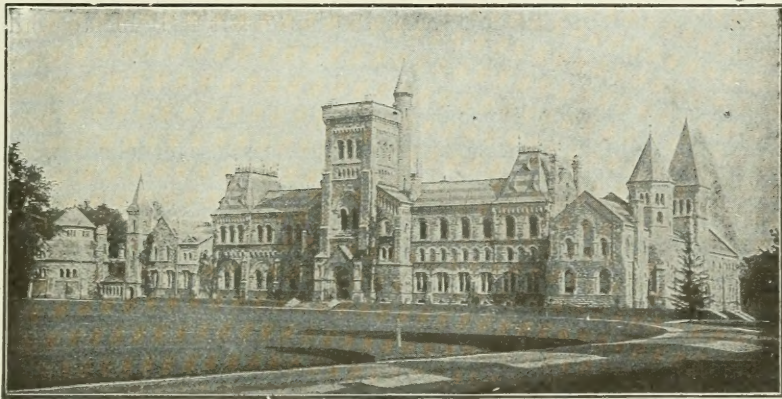
Mr. D. (in study)—"Why aren't you working, Smith?"

Smith II.—"Sir! I'm taking only two subjects this year."

Mr. D.—"What are they?"

Smith II.—"Reading and writing."

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Mr. L.—“What animal is it that has very strong limbs, a fierce temper, wild, bushy hair on its head and is called the king of beasts?”

Rogers—“A football player.”

Davis I., to Findley I.—“I shave up.”

Findley—“Is that so? I always shave *down*.”

Last year there was a saying, “Don’t hit the coffee, it is too weak to hit back;”

This year it is, “Don’t touch the butter; it is liable to wallop you.”

Mr. C.—“Define hypocrite.”

Easson—“A hypocrite is a boy who comes to school with a smile on his face.”

Hunter says his room is damp because the strip of wood on which he hangs his pictures is moulding.

“Outside, please.”

Old Boy—“Did you ever take chloroform?”

New Boy—“No! Who teaches it?”

Even Alexander the Great had Tyre trouble.

Mr. D.—“Who invented the steam engine?”

Rogers (sleepily)—“What, sir?”

Mr. D.—“Correct.”

Patterson’s Motto.—“Boys may come and boys may go, but I am here forever.”

Fat McLennan (on windy day)—“Say! Bell, you should carry around bricks in your pockets a day like this.”

Bell—“Ah! shut up.”

Macdonald—“Why are hot muffins like caterpillars?”

Fleming—“Because they make the butterfly.”

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HEARD IN PASSING.—

"I hope I make myself clear," said the water as it passed through the filter.

"Experience like this tends to harden one," said the egg, as it was placed in hot water.

"I do this because of an inward prompting," said the sea-sick man leaning over the rail.

"I'll stay and see this thing out," said the man at the dentist's.

"I have an inkling," said the blotter.

McPherson (at orchestra rehearsal)—"See that rest, you have to pause there."

Shattner—"Oh! that's all right; I am not at all tired."

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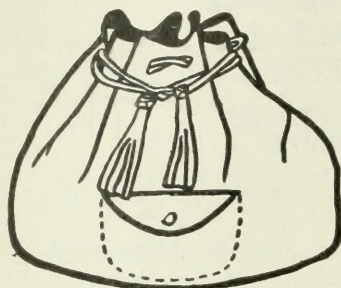
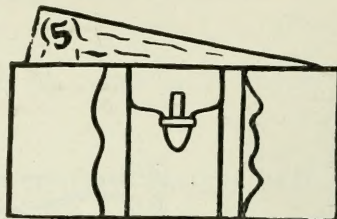
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